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*The
Victory*
1959 - 60

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Mr. J. W. Singleton
Director of Education
Burlington



Principal's Message

This magazine marks another milestone in the short but active life of our school. It is fitting that it should appear in the graduating year of the first students of Nelson High School who have contributed so much to the development of our school tradition.

Few will forget our opening three months in an unfinished building, with our office in a classroom, with no cafeteria and with our fledging band learning its first notes in a room opposite the office. Everyone will recall how proud we were, and still are, of the building and how well the glee club and band performed at our official opening on December 17, 1957. Our staff and student body were small in number in the beginning but our growth has been rapid to the point that our building is now filled to overflowing and we are awaiting the completion of our addition for next year.

A school magazine mirrors the many facets of school life. As you browse through these pages you will discover the names of those members of our school community who, as contributors, have worked to build a Nelson tradition. Our hope, as a staff, is that each member of the graduating class has made a real and lasting contribution to this tradition.

Educators are agreed that there is more to education than the acquisition of facts in a classroom. They are concerned that the graduate has been a good school citizen and that he has not been content with the acquisition of a graduation diploma alone.

To those in this, our first graduating class, we bid a fond farewell. As you enter your chosen vocation or some phase of higher learning, we would remind you that education is a continuing process throughout your span of life and that you should always strive to use your talents and training in the service of mankind. We would further remind you that you are our first graduates and we look to you to carry forward the Nelson tradition and keep in mind our school motto "Diligens, Providens" - "Exact in action, exalted in thought".

Mr. O. A. Gilmore

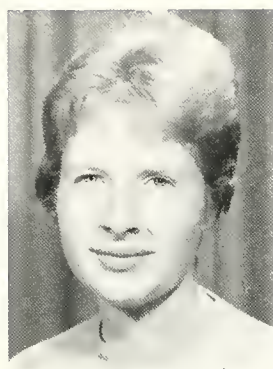


Mr. E. Lovender



Miss Robinson

EDITORIAL STAFF



Virginio
Dobson
Graduates



Penny
Duncon
Social



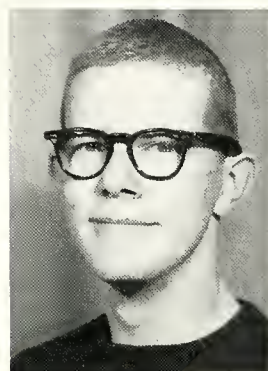
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Ellerbeck
Literary



Dave
Ferguson
Junior Boys'
Sports



Nancy
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Form News



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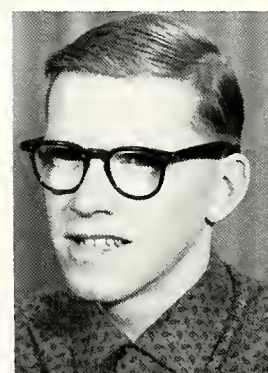
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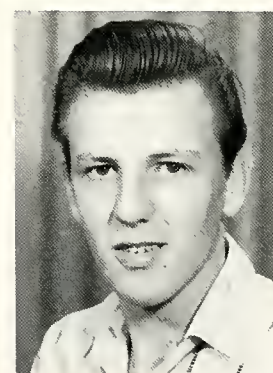
Gay Lakin
Girls' Sports



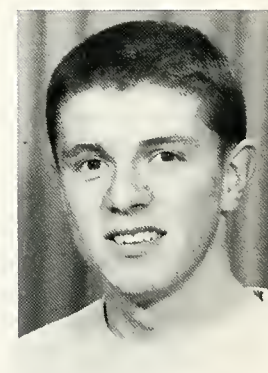
Judy McIver
Art



Gerry O'Connor
Senior Boys'
Sports



Mike Osborne
Assistant
Business
Manager



Korel Sury
Business
Manager

EDITORS-IN-CHIEF



EDITORIAL

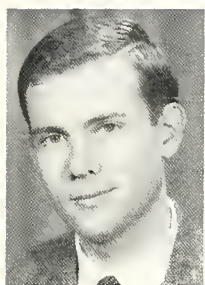
This is Nelson High School's first yearbook and as its editors, we are proud to present it to you, the students of Nelson High.

Much planning and hard work has gone into its production, but we feel that the energy was well spent, for in its making we have proven that students can work together, co-operate with staff advisors, and function as an organization despite differences, to perform difficult tasks. Each associate editor, with his or her committee, has spent long hours, both in and out of school, working on assigned tasks and incorporating new ideas into material for his or her section. The labours have been arduous, sometimes discouraging and occasionally painful, but we feel that the net product is meritorious and worth the time spent.

For some of you this is a record of your last days at Nelson and your last days in high school. For others the first year book marks your first days within these halls. To those who are leaving us, part with fond memories, storing away the happy moments of your high school days intermingled with the sad; to those who have just joined our ranks, prepare to suffer a little, to enjoy much, and to add what you can to Nelson's accomplishments, so that when you go on to greater things, you may be proud to look back on your days at Nelson.

Signed:
Nancy George & Janet Gordon

TEACHING STAFF



Mr. R. Bateman



Mr. C. Baxter



Miss M. Bouck



Mr. W. Burns



Mr. G. Coggins



Mr. R. Davis



Mr. W. Fisher



Mrs. D. Ferguson



Miss T. Fuller



Mr. F. Geard



Miss A. Green



Mr. H. Hall



Miss M. Harte



Mr. G. Heaver



Miss M. Jacklin



Mr. W. Jones



Miss K. Kelly



Mr. H. Leroy



Miss J. MacDonald



Mr. W. McGaw



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Mrs. Y. Moyer



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Mr. Boteman: "And this I suppose is one of those hideous caricatures you call modern art."
Judie: "No, sir, that's just a mirror."

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GRADS



MARY MARSHALL ILL.

MEMORIES-1960

Ginny Dobson

"Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, others have greatness thrust upon them." Here at Nelson for the past three years, there has been a concentrated effort to make us great, or at least, educated men and women. Now it is time to leave, and it is with tinges of sorrow that we do so. We owe the counsellors many sincere thanks for the guidance and knowledge they have given us. Without their expert advice, we could not be here on the threshold of adulthood. A note of acknowledgement is owing to the Board of Education for their generous efforts to provide Nelson with the best qualified staff and finest facilities available. We must not forget this side of school life when we look back at the fun of our three years here. Let us hope we are all a little bit greater because of the standards at Nelson High School.

Before we all leave, each to go his separate way, it would be fun to reminisce for a minute on the events of our lives from grades eleven through thirteen.

Do you remember the first year the school was open? We came the first day, eager to begin classes, and then found that we had two days off because the desks had not yet arrived. Things were disorganized at first. For the first few months, the office was in room 101, and we had workmen hammering and sawing about the halls until Christmas, when they finally finished the gym and cafeteria. Prior to the installation of the electric bell system, Miss Evans rang the school bell, and Messieurs Baxter and Neale blew their whistles to indicate rotation of classes. That first year, we, all 348 of us, rattled around the halls and could go up and down any stairs! The equipment and design of the school impressed us to no end, and a trampoline, why, that was just the ultimate! We were so proud to guide people through the school at the Official Opening. Everything was so much fun that first year. Nelson was tingling with "spirit". Mr. Baxter's first baby was born, and we, who were almost as pleased as he, gave him a silver milk mug. Then too some of us can remember Mr. Baxter's made flights down New Street in his Volkswagen! Mr. Burns taught us bug controls in Physics classes, unnecessary facts which we thought were highly irregular. That spring, there was the "fixed" baseball game, at which time the staff, colourfully garbed, defeated the boys! Also, the student government, parliamentary style, was formed after much discussion. The Athletic Directorate held the first Spring Prom, a great success due largely to the efforts of John Hier and Marg Hovanec. Of course, it can't be forgotten that in grade eleven, Ginny introduced Dennis to Lorraine!

Our second year, grade twelve, was a "Settling down year" in some ways, although we did have some high points. The football team got their uniforms, a colourful addition, and the cheerleading was begun, . . . We held our first Christmas party that year, complete with a roly-poly, "pillow-padded" Santa! Ho-ho! At that party, there was another staff-student challenge game -- volleyball this time. One looks charming in "his" shorty pyjamas, doesn't one? The second cadet inspection was held in the spring, at which time Larry was the "big man", and Dennis Amy the best cadet. The History Club took its first big field trip, and went off to Ottawa in the spring. The Peace Tower, tulips, and "Mounties" were very appealing. Many of the girls will remember crying over "A Tale of Two Cities" that Mr. Hall obtained for us. The band was responsible for an exciting "first" in spring '59 -- they put on the first Spring Concert. Also, the Home and School sponsored a family night, and our Mary Lou was the first school queen. But one of the most vivid memories we have, is of a particular Chemistry class, which called for the uniting of sodium and water. As the class plastered themselves to the walls of the room, as Dawn and Jean fled to the halls, and as the beaker was fizzing and reacting tremendously, putting lovely spots on the ceiling, Mr. Gardhouse, rubbing his hands together, uttered repeatedly, "Best sodium I've ever seen!" Such was grade twelve.

Finally, we reached grade thirteen. Needless to say, this was a year of hard work and tedious review. Everything was aimed at the Departmentals. The note-worthy items of interest are: a trip to Toronto to see "Macbeth" (not to mention the various trips home), a trip to see "Murder in the Cathedral" (to which many gave their undivided attention), the McMaster trip, the trips to New York, the fact that Jim MacMaster played basketball, and the fact that Arlene dyed her hair. But our main interest in life in those days was to get through and on to other things.

Other things -- does that mean business or college? Since there are so many businesses and so many colleges, we shall be all over the country and in different walks of life. Funny the way we've been thrown together these past three years! Here we have gained both book and practical knowledge, and made friends. We are grateful for the diversified forms of education of the past three years, and as we leave Nelson, its staff, students and protection, let us take with us memories, pleasant memories, of time well spent.

Man is made great or little by his own will. The price we challenge for ourselves is given us. Every man stamps his value on himself.

----Schiller

DENNIS AMY

Weakness - Lorraine

Fut. - ruined

Pecul. - hairy legs

Fav. Saying - "I don't agree, Mr. Coggins!"

High Pt. sch. career - leaving!

Ambition - to pass Trig, then become P. T. teacher.

Pet Peeve - White shirts and ties

Remarks - Don't forget your white shirts and ties, boys!

ART ANGUS

Nickname - Aggie (for aggressive).

Fut. - golf pro

After sch. act. - failing to acknowledge those extra swings of a golf club on my score card

Fav. saying - Get off my three-quarters of the desk!

Pecul. - ability to read almost anything in a monotone.

Phil. - I'll get caught up on the weekend.

Remarks - Well, it was either school work or basketball.

LARRY BELL

Nickname - Ding-Dong.

Weakness - girls, what else!

Pecul. - doesn't like "petit" girls.

After sch. act. - Student Council, football and basketball.

Pet peeve - Student Council meetings!

Assets - a 1959 Chrysler, tall.

Phil. - Have fun now, you're only young once!

MARION BOZEL

Nickname - Soxy.

Weakness - Cam!

Fut. - Laboratory technician.

Pecul. - two white hairs.

After sch. act. - tenth period Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday

Pet peeve - Physics problem where racks are thrown up instead of being dropped from a cliff!

DENNIS BRANNAN

Weakness - losing dictionaries, yawning, Claudia.

Fut. - counting all my hard-saved money.

Pecul. - illegible handwriting.

After sch. act. - waiting for period ten Latin classes to end.

Ambition - to learn how to play bridge so I can be a true pre-med student at college.

Assets - luck in playing ping-pong.

High pt. sch. career - leaving.

DALE BROADBENT

Weakness - anything that requires brains

Fut. - teacher

Fav. Saying - I know, but . . .

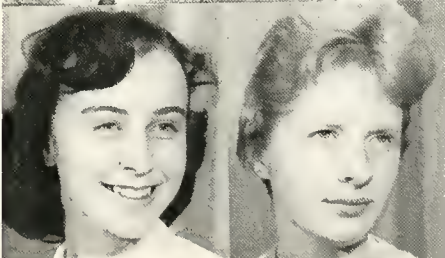
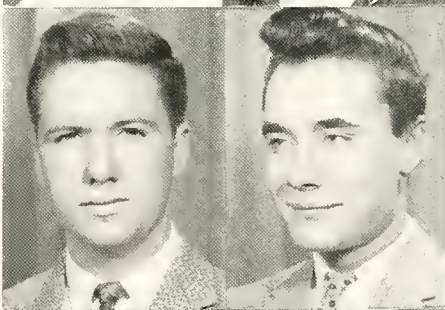
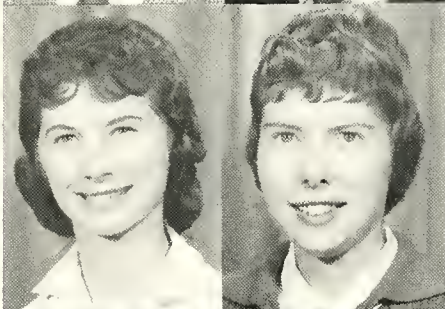
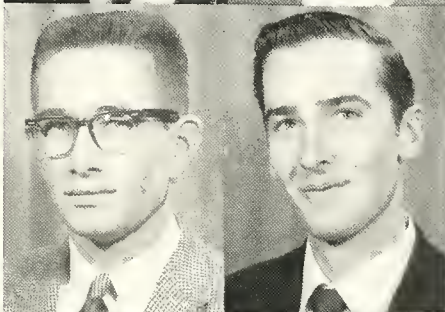
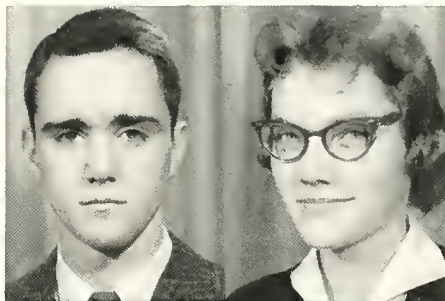
Pecul. - green eyes

Ambition - to take life easy in my own home.

High pt. sch. career - Scholarship grade 8.

After sch. act. - band, piano.

Interests - music.

**MARGARET CARSON**

Nickname - Gog

Weakness - peanut butter and lettuce sandwiches, American cigarettes, Paul.

Fav. saying - Did we ever!

After sch. act. - sorority, Drama Society, French tutoring lessons.

Assets - an uncle who owns a boxcar.

Interests - Stereo, going back to the west, swimming, charades.

Fut. - head of Canadian Cancer Research.

JANE CLARKSON

Weakness - missing school buses.

Pet peeve - school buses that come early.

Fav. saying - Has anybody seen my pen?

Pecul. - far away look in French class.

Ambition - snake charmer.

Interests - skiing, water skiing, swimming, band.

MURRAY L. COLLING

Weakness - wine, women and song.

Fav. saying - Lay on, Macduff.

Pecul. - returning to school

High pt. sch. career - the end, whenever that is!

Pet peeve - the Three Witches.

Ambition - to make money.

Assets - I'm broke.

Interests - flying, etc. An extended list will be given upon request.

DAWN COULTER

Nickname - Porky

Fav. saying - guess who phoned me last night?

Pet peeve - riding on school buses.

Assets - a farmer's daughter.

Ambition - nursing, somewhere.

Aft. sch. act. - Student Council, Glee Club, homework.

High pt. sch. career - graduation (I hope)

Interests - sports, 4-H clubs, Young People's, records, the usual -- BOYS

Remarks - Best days of my life?

MIKE DEACON

Nickname - Deak

Weakness - poker and girls

Fav. saying - "Isn't there a shorter way to teach?"

Interests - the Banks on the Mountain Side, sports.

Phil. - If you do not succeed the first time, give up!

Pecul. - colour blind -- can't tell the various coloured billiard balls.

Ambition - inventing a glass staircase.

GINNY DOBSON

Weakness - anything expensive, getting beaten at ping-pong, singing.

Fut. - Conservative housewife raising young Tories.

Pecul. - a "thing" about Mr. Fisher.

After sch. act. - giving bridge lessons, curling, Latin.

Pet peeve - people who are late.

Assets - Grannie's car.

Interests - talking, politics, laughing with Janis.

ARLENE ELTON

Weakness - music.
 Fav. saying - I can't believe it; Yup.
 Ambition - to ski in Switzerland with flaming torch.
 Pet peeve - being teased about Lady Wentworth.
 Interests - Roger, parties, the 'Big 4'.
 Phil. - there are always more fish in the sea -- just find them!
 Remarks - It's been great, but . . .

DON FARMAR

Nickname - Slamin' Sam
 Weakness - Wicked slice.
 Fav. saying - Love those Ti-Cats.
 Ambition - beat Ben Hogan
 High pt. sch. career - the day I walked into the girls washroom.
 Assets - nil.
 Phil. - Keep your head down.

JEAN GUNBY

Nickname - Jonni
 Fav. saying - Wonder if I got a letter today?
 After sch. act. - Glee Club representative for Student Council meetings.
 High pt. sch. career - summer vacations.
 Pet peeve - Youngstown is too far away.
 Assets - raised on a farm
 Interests - sports, Dove, records, Dove, Young People's, (guess who).
 Weakness - Dove, chemistry.

PEGGIE HANNAH

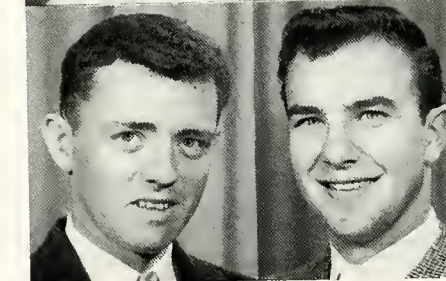
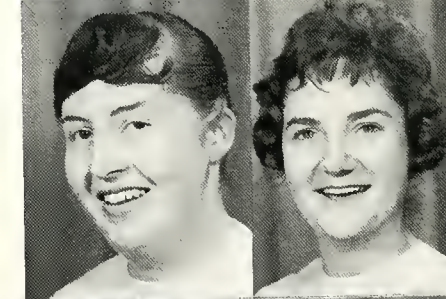
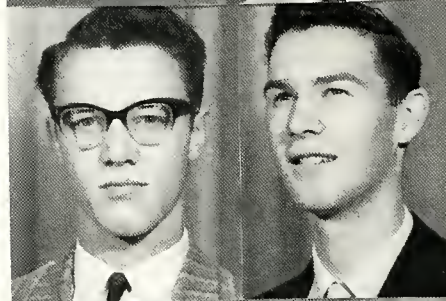
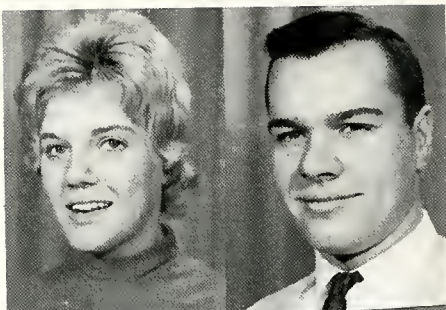
Weakness - Business men.
 Fut. - teaching Cho Cha in Cuba.
 Fav. saying - Not another spore!
 Pecul. - taking three grades at the same time.
 Ambition - to look 19.
 Pet peeve - people who think I'm 15.
 Assets - Defendo
 Phil. - "Put a little fun in your life . . ."

WILMA HARRIS

Nickname - Willie
 Weakness - switchboard operator at Y.M.C.A.
 Pecul. - losing suitcases at Y.M.C.A.
 High pt. sch. career - found the suitcase.
 Pet peeve - people who steal suitcases.
 Assets - ability to lose other people's suitcases, plus her own.
 Phil. - never check your suitcase at Y.M.C.A.
 Remarks - I told you I'd find the suitcase.

SANDY HEPBURN

Weakness - brown eyes
 Ambition - to be ambitious.
 High pt. sch. career - visit to House of Homburg
 Interests - a little farm on Appleby Line
 Fut. - pretty bleak
 Remarks - If I don't get a first in History, I'll be broke!
 Assets - curly hair, curly eye lashes, 6 years high school, blue eyes.

**JOHN HIER**

Weakness - hamburgs and ketchup
 Fav. saying - pretty stupid.
 Pecul. - you name them, I've got them.
 Ambition - president of a ketchup company.
 Pet peeve - no sports car.
 Assets - dwindling to nil; but I still have my Dentyne smile.
 Interests - Ann, sports cars, football, basketball, counting heads at school functions, especially sports events.

MARTIN HOLLOWAY

Nickname - just "Marty".
 Weakness - turtle-neck sweaters.
 Fut. - reading Macbeth to Mr. Coggins' English classes.
 Fav. Saying - Blimey!!
 Pecul. - an acute English accent.
 Ambition - to soil seas and meet the foreigners (females only)
 Interests - Rover Scouting, Drama Club, writing to summer girlfriends.

MARGARET HOVANEK

Nickname - George.
 Weakness - world travellers, foreign foods.
 Fut. - travelling around the world, alone.
 Fav. saying - I give up, what?
 Pecul. - dark horn-rimmed glasses
 Ambition - to become a chemist.
 High pt. sch. career - touring Toronto before and after "Macbeth".
 Phil. - do it to-morrow, you've made enough mistakes today.

SUE HURST

Nickname - Gremlin
 Weakness - men with beards
 Fav. saying - Have you got any pennies?
 Pecul. - little nose
 After sch. act. - waiting for Penny
 Pet peeve - English classes.
 Assets - connections.
 Interests - art rooms.
 Ambition - to make Mother a grandmother.

LILLY ANN JEZ

Nickname - Lil
 Weakness - a certain Moth student.
 Fut. - raising little professors.
 Fav. saying - got a letter to-day.
 Pecul. - lots of them.
 Pet peeve - slow mailmen.
 Assets - no known ones.
 Interests - belonging to the apothary club.
 Phil. - If it has to be done, I guess I'll have to do it.

LARRY JOHNSON

Nickname - Loz
 Pet peeve - lack of freedom
 Interest - sports, mainly football
 Phil. - Try your best, and hope.
 Ambition - to pass my years work.
 After sch. act. - homework.
 Fut. - unknown
 Fav. saying - I don't know
 Assets - A hot Vauxhall
 Weakness - any subject.

JANET KOLOSTA

Nickname - Praxy
 Fut. - chemical engineer.
 Fav. saying - but I was born with blond hair.
 Pecul. - dark roots.
 Pet peeve - the money I could have been making all these years.
 Remarks - I froze in Mr. Baxter's room, and the stools in Mr. Woelfe's room were too uncomfortable.

RON LEIGHTON

Nickname - Jake
 Weakness - money
 Pecul. - my wide grin engulfs my whole face.
 Ambition - making enough to support my weakness
 Pet peeve - not being able to work in the Canadian Mint
 Remarks - "If it were done 'twere done, Then 'twere well it were done quickly"

ERNEST LOVE

Nickname - Laurie
 Weakness - watching Cannonball
 Pecul. - can drive truck blindfolded
 Ambition - taking over Cannonball's job.
 High pt. sch. career - football '58-'59
 Pet peeve - tea
 Interests - anything but nine subjects
 Phil - It's the policy of the company, Lady.

LORRAINE MARTIN

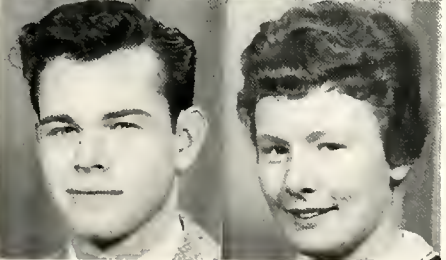
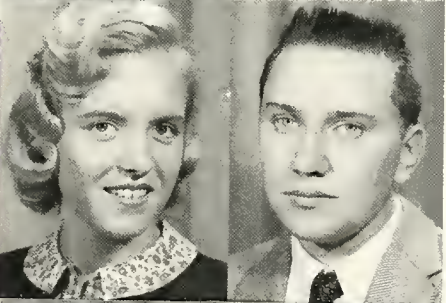
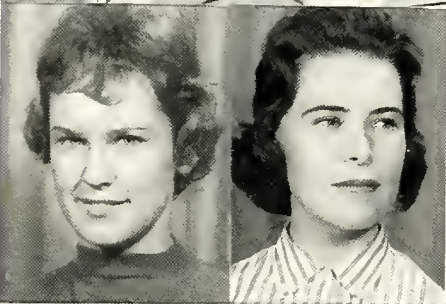
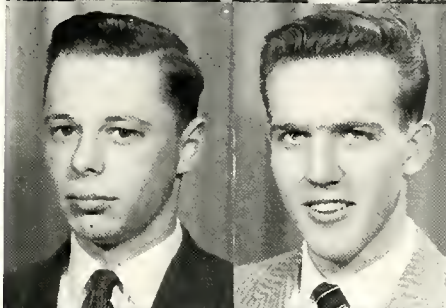
Nickname - Gus
 Weakness - Spelling
 Fut. - raising little Amy's
 Remarks - watch Burlington grow.
 Pet peeve - people who say "irregardless"
 Phil. - why wait?
 After sch. act. - Latin
 Pecul. - quite Amyable!

LYNN McCALPIN

Weakness - cherry pie, good baaks.
 Fut. - Psychology at U. of T.
 Assets - bland hair and one small car.
 Fav. saying - Now that everyone's packed in, I hope it starts!
 Pecul. - green shoes for Thursday.
 After sch. act. - driving people home, Pres. of History Club.
 Interests - sailing, tennis, swimming, skiing.

RON McCONNELL

Nickname - Rudy
 Weakness - Linda.
 Fut. - taking out the gorbage at Steinbergs.
 After sch. act. - President of St. Stephen's Young People.
 High pt. sch. career - leaving.
 Pet peeve - tall girls.
 Interests - sports - "hockey".



BEV McCORMACK

Nickname - Beaver
 Weakness - chemistry
 Ambition - teaching German, passing Chemistry
 High pt. sch. career - drapping Math.
 After sch. act. - working at Public Library, History Club, Latin
 Fut. - You never know . . . !
 Interests - Dan, shooting, Dan skiing, Dan.
 Remarks - 'Twas a rough year.

JIM McMASTER

Nickname - Mix-master.
 Weakness - food.
 Fut. - 3 more years at N.H.S.
 After sch. act. - Emery's Fruit Market.
 Ambition - a wrestler
 Pet peeve - Shepherd's pipe, leaky pens.
 Interests - Bridge addict.
 High pt. sch. career - getting out!

BARBARA MILNE

Nickname - Barb.
 Fut. - nursing at St. Joseph's Hospital
 Pecul. - love of saving money
 Fav. saying - How tall is he?
 After sch. act. - sarararity.
 Ambition - to be a wealthy spinster.
 Phil. - to try and do better the next time.
 Remarks - it sure seemed like a long time.

LYNN NICHOLSON

Weakness - freckles and pig-tails.
 Fut. - chief guinea pig for sa-called Defenda experts.
 Fav. saying - "You mean we have to stat all day to-day, Maribell?"
 After sch. act. - skating, navigation, swimming, McMaster basketball games (wander why?)
 Ambition - to find a practical use for $500 = \frac{a}{1-r}$
 Remarks - Western, here I come!

JOHN L. PARSSINEN

Fav. saying - He who knows nothing, fears nothing.
 Pecul. - too many
 After sch. act. - thinking
 Ambition - to leave this institution.
 Pet peeve - people who say the world is getting better.
 Phil. - Shut your mauth, open your eyes, and you'll need nothing more to make you wise.

JEANNETTE PEER

Nickname - Red
 Weakness - Botany and Zoology.
 Pecul. - my Biology marks.
 Ambition - to tour Europe
 Pet peeve - English assignments.
 Assets - bad eyesight from studying
 After sch. act. - Latin class
 Fut. - schaal teacher
 Remarks - they were five lang years.

BARBARA PLUMPTON

Weakness - Leonard Berstein
 Interests - Leonard Berstein and the New York Philharmonic
 Fav. saying - C'est la vie!
 Fut. - Queens.
 Ambition - trying for MRS degree at Queen's.
 High pt. sch. career - getting senior matric.
 Remarks - Wish they'd warm up Nelson.

SUE PUNNET

Nickname - Pat
 Weakness - Danny
 Fut. - pinning diapers.
 Fav. saying - Wander if I got a letter today?
 Ambition - teaching
 Pet peeve - mailboxes on the road.
 Remarks - If these have been the happiest days of my life, "aufeidersein"

DON ROBERTSON

Nickname - Robbie
 Weakness - French girls.
 Fav. saying - When are we going to Montreal, Bill?
 Pecul. - you name them, I've got them.
 After sch. act. - curling, skiing.
 Ambition - to go to school in Montreal.
 Phil. - eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow may be a school day. .

PENNY ROBINSON

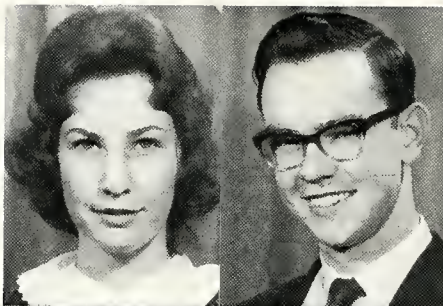
Weakness - Beatnik parties.
 Pecul. - not gossipy
 After sch. act. - keeping Sue waiting, sorority.
 High pt. sch. career - giving a correct answer in English class.
 Assets - fantastically long eye lashes; a driver's liscence (finally)
 Interests - Bruce.
 Fut. - P.O.T. at U. of T.

BEVERLY ROE

Nickname - Bev
 Weakness - Toronto, Sam.
 Pecul. - 2 steady boyfriends at once.
 Ambition - to marry a millionaire with 6 Cadillacs.
 Pet peeve - girls who steal my boy-friends.
 Interests - Pyjama parties, Italian food, skating.

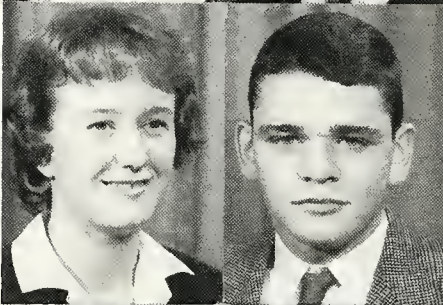
BARRY ROSE

Nickname - Rose
 Fut. - McMaster
 Fav. saying - That's life
 After sch. act. - homework
 Ambition - to get out of grade 13.
 Assets - then, one set of used school books.
 Interests - baseball, hunting
 Phil - Hard work never killed anybody, but on the other hand, resting is responsible for very few casualties.



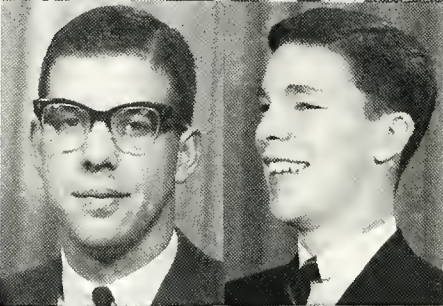
PETER SCHAAFSMA

Nickname - Pete (of course)
 Weakness - English
 Fut. - London University (Western)
 Ambition - medical doctor
 Interests - basketball.



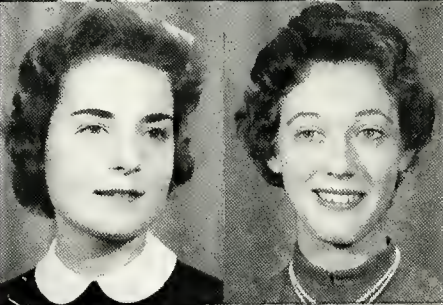
DAVID SHEPHERD

Nickname - Shep
 Pecul. - pipe
 Weakness - girls that like pipes
 After sch. act. - lighting my pipe, sleeping
 Ambition - winning at poker
 Interests - buying a tobacco company, sleeping.
 Remarks - Let me sleep.



ROGER SHORT

Nickname - Shorty
 Fut. - Trapping pelicans and penguins
 Ambition - trophy room of pelicans and penguins from N. Pole.
 Fav. saying - Check that over.
 Pecul. - drinking water.
 Pet peeve - Alka Seltzer that won't dissolve in the morning.
 Phil. - You can't take it with you!



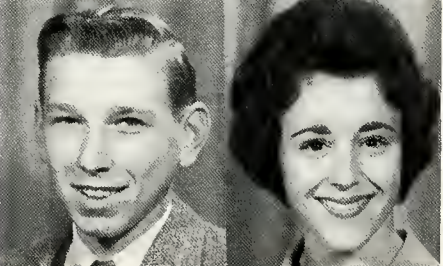
KAREN SHUBERT

Weakness - talking
 Fut. - hunting for tall men
 After sch. act. - Daily sessions with Messrs Vogt, Baxter, and McGaw
 Ambition - to marry a man tall enough so I can wear spikes to the wedding.
 Fav. saying - Let me see now, I think . . .
 High pt. sch. career - "Out, out damned spot"
 Interests - anything with music or drama
 Phil - If at first you don't succeed, don't bother trying again.



DONALD SMITH

Nickname - Hans
 After sch. act. - Simpson's Sears
 Ambition - manager of Simpson's Sears
 Assets - my Austin
 High pt. sch. career - Marg comes East!
 Interests - poker.
 Phil - maney buys everything.



MARIBELL TALLMAN

Fut. - educated secretary sitting on the boss's knee.
 Fav. saying - You mean we have to stay all day to-day, Lynn?
 High pt. sch. career - Climbing Empire State Building with John.
 Pet peeve - sandwiches with crusts.
 Interests - a T.V. show now off the air (wonder shy), modelling, sorority, writing letters to a Western U.
 Business student, yearbook.

MARY LOU TAYLOR

Nickname - Lou

Fav. saying - "But officer, Marg was only doing eighty!"

After sch. act. - parties at Guelph, milking the cows.

High pt. sch. career - Queen for a night.

Pet peeve - Marg's driving -- Elton's remarks.

Interests - 4-H Clubs, Junior Farmers, Young Peoples, athletics, bass violin, ploughing.

Phil. - Live!

JANIS THOMSON

Weakness - a bottle (of peroxide), giggling

Fut. - batting my eyes around Queen's, where the odds are seven to one!

Pecul. - trouble getting the car in and out of the parking lot.

High pt. sch. career - one day without laughing Ginny (who was absent)

Pet peeve - not being able to buy coffee in the cafeteria.

Assets - a 20% discount, 2 pairs of boots.

Fav. saying - "There's Mr. Fisher"

ANNA TODD

Nickname - Toad

Weakness - nobody in particular

Ambition - somebody in particular

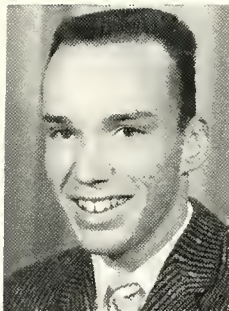
Fav. saying - but I'm on a diet!

Pecul. - unbleached blond

Assets - fluttering eye lashes

Interests - Louisiana

Pet peeve - overly persistent people

**WES VINTER**

Nickname - Wes

Weakness - going steady

Pecul. - shy

Ambition - to pass Physics and Algebra

Pet peeve - character sketches.

Interests - girls

Phil. - Live the life you want!

Remarks - the life you want may not be the life you should live.

JOHN WALKER

Weakness - C.A. (not Chartered Accounting)

Fav. saying - "ha-ha-ha!"

After sch. act. - football

Ambition - head driver for Ferrari

Pet peeve - too much darned home-work.

Assets - T-bird, blue eyes.

Phil. - You're only young once, so live it up!

JANET WILLIAMS

Pet peeve - the hour's wait for bus home.

High pt. sch. career - winning a bursary in grade 12.

Pecul. - 40(?) lbs. of excess baggage.

Ambition - to lose 40 (?) lbs. of excess baggage.

Phil. - eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we diet!

Assets - Having attended nine different schools in four different countries of the seventeen visited or lived in.

ROY WILSON

Fut. - Driving to Preston twice a week for band practice.

After sch. act. - drum and bugle band (Preston Scout House)

High pt. sch. career - not writing grade 10 final exams.

Interests - drum corps, records.

Phil. - never put off 'till to-morrow what you can put off 'till the day after to-morrow.

Assets - full sized pool table.

Fellas! If you follow these instructions you will come up with MISS WHISTLE-BAIT OF 1960.

Hair -- Bernadee Miller

Eyes -- Sharan Ellerbeck

Nose -- Carol-Ann Elton

Dimples -- Sandra Russon

Cute -- Liz Chapman

Legs -- Carolyn Reid

Best Dressed -- Janet Gordon

Best Athlete -- Lynda Smith

Popularity -- Gay Lakin

Personality -- Marg Carson

Juliet -- Carol-Anne (according to Pete)

Wit -- Marg Hewitt

Girls! To get the man of your dreams, just mix the following for MR. DREAMBOAT OF 1960.

Hair -- Joe Drake

Eyes -- Stan Williams

Smile -- John Hier

Voice -- Martin Holloway

Legs -- George Dyck

Best Dressed -- Tam Richardson

Best Dancer -- Bob Easter

Best Natured -- Frank Smith

Best Athlete -- Bill Simmons

Height -- Jim McMaster

Romeo -- Pete (according to Carol-Anne)

Wit -- Brent Penvidic

JO-ANN BRIAN

Nickname - "Lover" and "Jo".
Weakness - Old Spice after shave lotion!
Fut. - Court stenographer sitting on Judge's knee.
Fav. saying - Fran, how da I get myself into these messes?
Pecul. - always undecided.
After sch. act. - band, parliament, Huckleberry Hound.

FRANCIS KUBIS

Nickname - Angel.
Weakness - faad.
Fut. - sitting on top of the world.
Fav. saying - Like I mean to say! huh?
Pecul. - getting sick on orange juice in the morning.
Pet peeve - running to school every morning.
Assets - a natural grey streak!
Remarks - don't let school interfere with your glorious education.

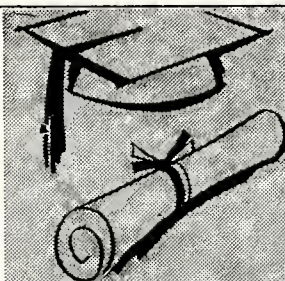
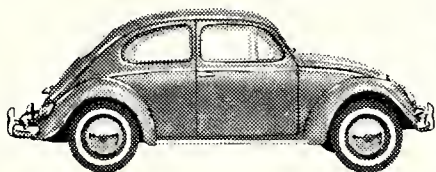


JOYCE SHARESKI

Nickname - Sharky
Weakness - telephones
Fut. - Bell telephone representative.
Interests - Richard.
Pecul. - having chocalates and pie for breakfast.
After sch. act. - parties at Joan's house, B-ball, baking lop-sided cakes.
High pt. sch. career - Haven't had one yet.
Phil. - Don't be different be modern.

SHARON WELLS

Nickname - Pudge.
Weakness - king sized banana splits.
Fut. - to marry a millionaire.
After sch. act. - Bob, Band, Basketball
Pecul. - taking long walks in the rain.
Ambition - to put my talents to my best use (whatever that is).
Phil. - there are three ways to think: the right way, the wrong way, and the woman's way.



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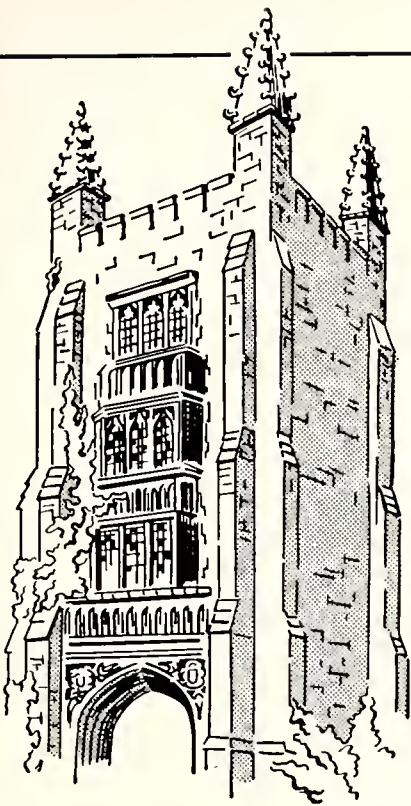
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LITERARY

Cry of the North



It was cold, bitter cold. The air crackled and the trees groaned under the burden of soft snow. Suddenly the air was rent. A scream rose on the still air and then died away to a sobbing moan. The pale green of the northern lights glimmered across the arctic snows; then all was still.

The moon rose above the snow-draped cedars, and started its nightly journey across the sky. Scar saw the silvery disk rise over the hills. He pointed his muzzle to the heavens and howled as only the arctic wolf can. The sound rose, quavered, died, and rose again; then died down to a bubbling snarl. It was a call of defiance to nature, and it was a call to his pack. He got up and tested the air with his sensitive nose. The faint currents brought him a smell that he loved - the smell of meat. He snarled at the pack; then he turned away, loping tirelessly.

Several miles to the north stood a moose. He was fat and his large stomach contained enough food for several days. He had browsed on the small willow branches when he was hungry, and slept when he was not. Suddenly he rose to his feet. He pointed his wide spread nostrils to the wind, and then turned and plodded away through the heavy snow. He had smelled his enemies and had begun his flight.

Several moments later the wolves tore into the clearing. For a moment they milled about in confusion; then Scar found the fresh trail. Silently the starving animals loped along the newly broken snows, and before very long the lead wolves could make out the dark shape of a large animal moving through the snow ahead of them. They increased their speed, and with every leap came closer to their fleeing quarry.

The moose became frantic. He tried to go faster, but with every step sank up to his knees into the powdery snow. Flight was impossible, and flanks were protected by the tangled branches; then he waited for his enemies, and for death.

The wolves swept into view. One of them flashed past the moose, his mouth agape, exposing the long, yellowish-white fangs. The moose swung his armed head and the six-foot-long antlers scooped up the wolf. Another swing of the armed head with its polished horns and the wolf thudded into the snow, never to rise again.

Scar seemed to rise from the snow and, like an arrow, shot straight for the unprotected throat. When he reached it, however, it was no longer unprotected; instead the broad antlers scooped up another enemy. Scar arched through the air, but in a flash he was up again.

The wolves howled and lunged at their victim. A hoof flashed once, and split open the head of another wolf, like a dry nut shell. A wolf dived and tore a long slash in the moose's belly. The blood spurted out and stained the snow a crimson red. Blood had been drawn. Another wolf streaked along the fighting animal and in one slash cut the tendon that controlled the hind leg. The moose tried to turn but stumbled when his leg failed to respond. Scar leaped, seemed to hang in the air, and then tore a mouthful of flesh and hide from the creature. A tawny bolt of grey fur dived for the throat. It missed. Then Scar lunged again. His teeth found the soft skin of the moose's throat; he clamped shut his jaws, and jerked back. A torrent of blood spurted out upon the snow. The moose let out one terrible cry, stumbled, and died.

In the distance a lone wolf howled mournfully. It was an unearthly howl. It rose, quavered, and died; then all was still. A few large flakes of snow drifted lazily earthward in the pale green of the northern lights. For a moment the ghostly moon glimmered across the snow. Then all was dark. This was the cry of the north.

Peter VanderBoom 10C

The School Teacher's Prayer

My students sit apart,
Cross-eyed, bow-legged, duller than brass.
Help me, O Lord, for very weak of mind
And hard of head are these.
Stupid are they, yet my charges. Unwilling,
Yet am I paid to teach them thoroughly.
Then make me as I pray
Free from their insults, immune to their spit-
balls, wise
After their pranks, and strong enough to last
out
The day.

Richard Dudley 11C

Flood

I see the waters spreading wide
Between the trees, that row on row
Lift up their voices. Who can hide
From these grim messengers of death?

I see my mother, father, brother,
Caught by the tormented sea.
Pitiless, it knows no other
Character, and yet
I still hold fast to the church tower,
High above the swirling current.
Who can tell at what dark hour
That hungry mouth will claim my life?

Oh, God our Father, knowing all,
Hear me at this time of strife.
Take my hand, I heed the call,
And safely lead me to my Rest.

Elizabeth Walker 10D

SENIOR PRIZE POEM



On Life

A lonely figure shuffled slowly
Along the wet and empty street;
A lonely figure - head dropping lowly
She guided not her wandering feet.

A light wind sighed around the corner,
Moved coldly o'er the barren way.
Touched the hair of the lonely mourner,
But did not nudge her gloom away.

Upon her sad and shadowed face
A look of desperation hung;
Forgotten love had left its trace;
Her heart unto its memories clung.

Jane Clements 12C

Brothers

Brothers are not the worst things that happen to girls, but on the other hand, they are not the nicest. They enter the world with a shiny halo over their heads and as the peach fuzz turns to whiskers, the halo slips over one eye and begins to disappear. There is usually just enough left to capture your admiration.

Quite often, brothers want to be of some assistance, but they usually pick the wrong time to offer help. When you are in need of help, you find that they have found the disappearing act quite useful. They can break your records, lose your pen, make lots of noise just when you have finally decided to do some serious studying, but when you want to bawl them out, they stand there with a look of such innocence that you cannot bear to speak harshly to them.

To make up brothers, God must have added a pinch of just about every imaginable creature. He put into them the cry of a loon, the inconsiderateness of a puppy, the strength of a lion, the appetite of a horse, the feet of an elephant, the neck of a giraffe, the legs of a colt, and the mischief of two monkeys.

A brother is a Hercules when taking lids off a jam pot and a father when baby-sitting for you. But when you get right down to the simple facts, what would you ever do without brothers, especially when they pull your hair, saying, "As sisters go, you're not half bad."

Margie Angus 9J

War at Home

Last night a war fell on my home
From weeks of thought and sweat;
My brother's eyes were full of wonder,
For battles that could not be met.

My knights quivered at the plight;
My paws felt too scared to try.
His king began a confident fight,
And the game fell suddenly.

His queen leaped roaring from her lair
Like the shadow of doom,
And moved into the third red square.
My cowardly soldiers searched for room.

His pawns swept down and forced the attack;
My king moved up and met his fate.
My young brother, with his heart's desire,
Yelled, "Check-mate!"

Robert Wilson 11D

Line Busy

As fast as she could, Mrs. Simpson waddled to the phone. It was her number, three rings. Rather out of breath from her brisk walk from the living room, she laid the large feather duster on the table, picking up the earpiece of the telephone at the same time.

"Hello?" she said into the mouthpiece.

"Mrs. Simpson?" asked a booming bass voice.

"Yes, who is speaking?"

"This is Constable Davis in Stephanville. Could I drive out and see you?"

"Whatever about, Constable?" she asked hesitantly.

"I'd rather not discuss it over the phone, Mrs. Simpson. It's rather urgent."

As Mrs. Simpson returned to her work, the phone rang again. It was Mrs. Wade. She had obviously been listening in on Mrs. Simpson's conversation with the constable, and was now making small talk while she tried to find the meaning for the constable's visit. But it was no use. Mrs. Simpson was well aware of the motive of her call and countered with a few inquiries about the health of the Wade family. Finally the two women hung up.

Having given herself the satisfaction of keeping Mrs. Wade in the dark about her visitor, Mrs. Simpson prepared for the arrival of the constable. A few minutes later, he arrived, looking hot and tired. She invited him in and gave him a glass of cool lemonade. Mrs. Simpson sat across from him in an old arm-chair and waited patiently.

"Do you remember a John Anderson, Mrs. Simpson?" he asked.

"The name is familiar, but"

"He and his wife lived here about ten years ago. Moved after his wife died. Gerald's have the house now."

"Him, how could I forget about him?"

"I thought you would remember," said the constable, "especially after what he said about you."

"He was a liar; none of it was true."

"The way I heard it his wife got sick all of a sudden and when he tried to phone the doctor, you and another lady -- she's moved away

since, hasn't she -- would not let him use the line."

"He was rude; he insulted us."

"Yes, but still you didn't give him the line and as a result his wife died."

"We only talked as long as we had to. If you think you can accuse--"

"Mrs. Simpson," the constable interrupted her, "I didn't come to prove either your guilt or innocence, but to warn you."

"Warn me? About what?"

"Just after he left the village, Anderson committed a minor offence. It wasn't much, but, in court he was judged mentally incompetent and was sent to an institution. He escaped last night. He did a lot of talking about his wife, and you; so we thought you should know."

"What will I do? I'm all alone."

"Could you stay with a neighbour for the night? Of course the possibility of his returning here is slight, but better safe than sorry."

"I'll call my sister in Hartford."

"Good," said the constable. He stood up and made ready to go. "Don't be too concerned, Mrs. Simpson; it's only one chance in a million that he will come back. But, if you do need me, call."

The constable had hardly left the house when the phone rang. It was Mrs. Wade.

"Hello, Irene?"

"Yes."

"Wasn't there a car at your house a minute ago?"

"No. Why don't you mind your own business?"

"Well! If that's the way . . ." and then Mrs. Wade hung up.

Mrs. Simpson made an attempt to call her sister, but there was no answer. After an hour had passed she called again, and suddenly realized that her sister was away at the cottage for the summer. At first she was angry; then she remembered her sister's two small children and was glad she had not accepted her sister's invitation to go to the cottage when she had been asked to go a few weeks before. She started dusting and tidying; this occupied her

for the rest of the afternoon and buoyed up her spirits somewhat.

When it was cooler, she made herself a small dinner of leftovers, sorted some old clothing for the church, and finally settled down with the local paper on the sofa in front of the open window. It was now eight o'clock; she planned to read for a while and retire about ten.

She had barely become interested in the gossip column when she heard a noise in the basement. She sat up and listened; it was the unmistakable sound of someone in hard shoes walking across the stone floor. She knew immediately who it was and hurried to the cellar door. She bolted the small latch and placed a chair under the handle. Then she reached for the phone.

"Please, please get off the phone."

"What do you want the line for now?" said Mrs. Wade.

"I have to call the police. Please get off the phone."

"The police, what do you want the police for?"

Mrs. Simpson felt a heavy hand on her shoulder. She screamed and dropped the receiver. When she stopped screaming, the huge, hairy hand put the receiver back on its hook and all was still.

My Hot-Rod

Cost loads of dough,
But the thing won't go.

Drive it hard
In my backyard.

Can't drive on the street,
Cause it's not complete.

Painted her red,
My dad dropped dead.

Can't afford a smash,
Costs enough for gas.

The men in blue,
Say "That won't do!"

Then I drove it to school,
My friends said, "Cool!"

The town started talking,
And now I'm walking.

Ian Hatton 11C

How to Talk to Adults!

Etiquette is the little monster that is responsible for creating most of the embarrassing situations it was originally designed to prevent. This is especially true where relations with adults are concerned, because somehow adults have a knack of saying precisely the one thing the etiquette books don't provide an answer for. I have a feeling that there is foul play here somewhere, since most of the things adults say have been said before by so many other adults. You'd think answers for them would have been in the etiquette books long ago.

First on my list is "I remember you when you were just this high." Should I apologize for having grown? I know it's unsightly of me to tower over my father, with high heels on, but I didn't get that way by choice. I tried my best to stop. It's unfair for everyone to remember me when I was just so high. I can't.



The one thing people usually say next is "How old are you?" On the surface this may not seem like a difficult question to answer. But it is for me, because I've been seventeen since I was twelve years old and I'm not going to change for a while. Adults always ask your age with such eagerness and enthusiasm; it just doesn't seem fair to say something as exciting as "I'm seventeen." I've always thought it would be so nice to say I'm ninety-six. Then they could make a fuss about how I don't look a day over eighty.

Then there are the friends of your parents whom you meet on the street or in a crowded bus. Providence stakes them out at these strategically inconvenient places. Someday a genius is going to devise a How-to-Avoid-Inconvenient-Adults Plan, but in the meantime all we can do is suffer.

The inconvenient adult has one line and one line only. It goes "Hello, how are you?" This is so popular it is now dangerously close to invading our teen-age world. Heaven forbid! The first thing to understand about "How are

you?" is that it requires no, desires no, answer. The inconvenient adult who asks it is always in a hurry to inconvenience someone else. For you see he has been inconvenienced by having run into you. All that is needed is a quick "Fine, thank you. And you?" Of course such pat solutions do have their loopholes. The biggest one here occurs during a visit to the doctor. I had mine scratching his head for days wondering why I sat in his waiting room for thirty-five minutes just to say "Fine, thank you. And you?"

Etiquette on adults does no good at all. No matter how hard you try to be polite, they're eventually going to get around to some below-the-belt comment for which there is no answer. Just the other day I happened upon one of my mother's lady acquaintances who just happened to say "You know, I never noticed it before but you look so much like your father." I mean, after all, my father is bald!

Judie Maciver 11C



Meow

I sit politely on her desk,
I cross my paws and yawn,
If I don't help her write a poem,
We'll both sit here till dawn.

Last week we wrote short stories,
(I told her what to say),
But now things have to rhyme, she says;
It gets harder every day.

They think I'm a conceited cat,
And perhaps consider me a fool,
But really, if I don't help her,
She'll never get through school.

Carol Morton 11C

A Children's Book of Manners

Have you ever noticed a strange thing about etiquette books? They are all for adults. But most adults have excellent manners. If you ask an adult to hand you your glasses, he does not put them behind his back and say, "Guess which hand?"

When you give an adult a birthday present, he does not burst into tears and say, "I already have Chinese checkers!" I know that small children have a certain amount of mischief within themselves when it comes to the question of manners.

The first point to be established is that in table etiquette an average person sits on the chair's four legs at the same time. Children who rock and tilt on their chairs usually crash into each other and pull the tablecloth and the dinner dishes onto the floor with a loud clatter. The child with good manners will never use his fork to comb his hair, to punch holes in the tablecloth, or to remove the buttons of his jacket. He will never under any circumstances place the prongs of the fork under a full glass of milk and then deliberately beat on the handle. Finally, children should understand that no matter how repellent they find a vegetable, they may not stuff large handfuls of it into their pockets.

One of the reasons that children are such "duds" socially is that they always say the wrong things like: "When do you think that you will be dead, Grandma?" It is not to be expected that a small child can be taught never to make mistakes or personal remarks. But there is a time and place for everything; for instance, the day Mother is all dressed up in her new dress, and she does not look a day over twenty-eight, is not the time for little Johnnie to ask, "Why do you have all those stripes on your forehead, Mommie?" The day that Mommie is going on a long-reserved vacation to Berne, Switzerland, she is very hesitant to leave her son Johnnie. However, she says, "Darling, are you not going to kiss me good-bye?" Her little precious says, "Sure, bye Mom. Can I have a coke?"

Sometimes you will find a little boy unfurling a roll of toilet paper out of the window, trying to find out how long a roll of toilet paper really is.

Last winter I received a letter on our breakfast table in my very best stationery with ten four-cent stamps on it. The letter read:

Dear Carolyn,

Billy is mad at you because you will not let us put our snowballs in the freezer. But I am not mad at you.

Your brother,
Johnnie

Well, there you are! When you get right down to it, I guess the letter was worth all of the forty cents.

Carolyn Higson 9D

Wanted: A Haunted House

Wanted: A house that is located on a hill in the suburbs, with at least one acre of land surrounding it. It must be an old house. It must be painted black or some dark colour. The shutters for the windows must be squeaky and swing back and forth at the slightest breeze. There should be a porch slightly sagging. If possible, we prefer a two-storey house with an attic full of all the usual things: bats, owls, and of course plenty of mice. We also require a basement. Indoor plumbing and electricity are minor items.

The living-room must be painted grey. It must be completely furnished with odd pieces of furniture. We prefer couches and chairs which should be moth-eaten and have the stuffing falling out. We also require a stone fireplace with at least two loose stones for hiding secret documents. Please leave some kerosene lamps, if there is no electricity.

The master bedroom should be painted bright red or blood colour. It should contain a four-poster bed. There must be some way of getting from the window to the grounds, preferably by a secret passage. There must be a balcony with french doors leading onto it. Under no circumstances must there be any locks on any of the doors in the house. It would please me greatly to find a few skeletons in the closet.

The attic must have bats. Whether there are skeletons in the attic is a minor detail; we can provide our own. Please leave all cobwebs and dust just where they are. We should appreciate it if you left some antiques there also.

The basement must have rats. Any cats, other than black ones, should be chased off the property. There is absolutely no heed for a furnace. If, by chance, you come upon some empty coffins lined with lead, please leave them there.

Finally the grounds. Because we like privacy, we prefer the grounds to be infested

with poison ivy and poison oak and surrounded by a high wall.

If there are any houses which meet these simple requirements, please get in touch with us, care of:

Home for Retired Vampires,
999 Horror Street,
Anywhere, Canada

Norma Fraser 9J

The Darkness is Pierced

Through the streets of the city I walk in the rain;
My heart's an infinite sadness;
What is this tearing emotion, this bittersweet pair,
This sorrowful gladness?
The glare of the neon, misted now,
Frames rough shapes of men.
They all look like him, Oh!
When will I, if ever, see him again?
The bright lights grow dim -
As downward the rain falls, and great gusts of wind
Seem to rend the dark sky.
A familiar footstep hurries behind,
I turn with a cry -
He is there! As the lightning shatters the night
Through the black sky above,
The darkness is pierced by a pale, golden light,
The light of our love.

Simone Virgo 11C

On Becoming an Athlete Again

"Athletes are born, not made."

Although the modern idealist tries to dispel this antiquated philosophy, no mere veto by a self-named authority who has spent his life "investigating" the history of athletic heroes will ever be able to convince me that these five



words do not contain a world of truth. Bitter, practical experience has proven to me that this old wives' tale is, in actuality, an inspired axiom which should be regarded with the

deepest respect. Several hundred unsuccessful attempts on my part to try to become proficient in the field of sports have left me bruised, cut, much wiser, and quite eager to be a spectator rather than a participant in all athletic endeavours, excluding parlour games and monopoly.

My first venture into athletic circles was in the guise of a figure skater, although anyone who could term my accomplishments on the silver blades as a credit to the sport would have been an out-and-out liar. As a matter of fact, to even say that I was a figure skater was to border dangerously on prevarication! I am told that the basis of all the intricacies of skating is the ability to execute figures. My figures, after two years of sustained effort, were, to say the least, my instructor's nightmare. A figure eight, which I whole-heartedly concentrated upon executing perfectly, was reminiscent at best of the hieroglyphics in an Egyptian tomb. The only ability I possessed at all was that of being able to circle the arena twice in a "shoot-the-duck" position. I later learned that it was not my ability to skate, but my inability to lace my boots tightly which was responsible for my prowess in this respect. On the sound advice of my tutor (who, incidentally, threatened to resign as the club professional because of my complete inability to achieve anything under his direction), I hung up my skates and resigned myself to the fact that I was not destined to be a skater of great renown.

Upon receipt of a beautiful pair of skis the following Christmas, I turned to the sport involved, to see whether I would fare any better on the barrel staves than I had previously fared on skates. This sudden whim to become a star of the snow-clad hills quickly erased itself, however. My first attempt to whisk downhill through a glistening white wonderland resulted in a sprained ankle, a sprained wrist and two cracked ribs. If I had succeeded in streaking down into the depths of the snowy woodland below in complete safety, I probably never would have managed to understand how to get back to the top again by using the T-bar lift; so perhaps my lack of co-ordination saved me a great deal of embarrassment and grief.

Undaunted by my complete failures, I enrolled in a noted riding school, and, outfitted in whipcord jodhpurs, long riding boots and other suitable accessories, I tried to become an excellent horsewoman. Unfortunately, as much as I loved horses, they did not seem to display the same affection for me. Then too, I did not seem to possess the knack required for becoming an accomplished equestrian. I could not sit properly in the saddle nor hold the reins correctly and still maintain my equilibrium while the horse was in motion no matter how I

tried. When galloping across an open field, I think I must have closely resembled Don Quixote in full flight in the face of defeat. I did not give up easily, but as the months passed and my riding did not improve, even in the face of correction of countless mistakes, I reluctantly turned in my riding habit. Later reflection upon this decision demonstrated the prudence of the withdrawal from the school, for I was rapidly becoming bowlegged anyway.

Following this, I attempted to be a tennis expert, but could not hit the ball; a judo enthusiast, but could not throw anyone who weighed more than seventy-five pounds; a diving champion, but could not arch my back, no matter how I tried; and a cricket player, but completely failed to grasp the point of the game.

In the light of all my gross failures, I have a deep admiration for the accomplished athlete. However, my respect is expressed from the distant and obscure seats of the spectator stands. Bring on the tennis champions, the basketball teams, the steeple-chasers and the flashing blades of the agile skaters; call out the football teams, the cricket players and the lithe swimmers; plan for the ski meet, cut the grass for the lawn bowlers and drag out the mats for the gentlemen with the black belts. I shall come to watch them all, and I shall cheer on the underdog to victory. Just hand me a deck chair and a cold drink and I shall be happy to oblige!

Nancy George 12B

For Joy

For each and every joyful thing,
For twilight swallows on the wing,
For all that nest and all that sing,

For fountains cool that laugh and leap,
For rivers running to the deep,
For happy care-forgetting sleep,

For stars that pierce the sombre dark,
For morn awaking with the lark,
For life new stirring 'neath the bark,

For sunshine and the blessed rain,
For budding grove and the blossoming lane,
For the sweet silence of the plain,

For bounty springing from the sod,
For every step by beauty trod,
For each dear gift of joy, thank God!

Linda Tapley 10D

The Sixth Sense

"Matches? Gum? Pencils?" An old bent man carrying a large box full of little odds and ends shuffled through the restaurant. His old gray suit was worn and shabby, his sleeves frayed. Short gray hair and a stubbled beard framed a wrinkled, amiable face; clear blue eyes sparkled out beneath bushy gray eyebrows. Slowly he made his way from table to table through the dingy room, always ready with a kind smile and a sympathetic nod. Finally he stopped at the counter beside a troubled young man whom the cashier called Mac.

"Matches? Gum?---" The old man stopped abruptly. His eyes were glassy as he looked through the surprised Mac. Light returned quickly to his eyes and he whispered strangely, "I know what you need." He dug down into his box, and, after fumbling around in the bottom, produced a slightly creased bus ticket. This he handed to the astonished Mac.

"A bus ticket to Princeton, New Jersey! What would I want with that? You must be nuts, old man."

The cashier laughed and said to the old man, "Up to your old tricks, eh Cass?" Then turning to Mac, he explained, "You see, Cass here thinks he knows what people are going to need. Once in a while I've seen them work out, but it's pure coincidence. I think he's a little touched myself." When they turned to Cass again, he had moved on to other tables. Mac chuckled and then went over to a table pushed up near a telephone booth.

Quietly Cass continued his rounds, selling a book of matches here, a package of cigarettes there. Two men were engaged in a heated conversation by the window. Three couples were enjoying themselves immensely. Everyone chattered and laughed normally. Suddenly the telephone rang shrilly. Immediately everybody hushed. Mac, being closest, answered it.

"Hello . . . speaking . . . Sam Conrad? Good to hear your voice again . . . What's that? Manager did you say? In the Minor League? Of course . . . That's Princeton? I'll see you then." Mac hung up the receiver quickly and excitedly hurried over to the cashier. "I've got a job as manager of the Princeton Cubs." The cashier proceeded to congratulate him, and tell that he would miss his business, when he noticed that Mac was paying no attention. He had turned slowly and was looking quizzically at Cass. After a few seconds he looked down at the bus ticket and said, "Thanks, old man." With that he hastened

out of the room, letting the door slam shut.

Low hums of conversation began again. Cass, followed by curious glances, went to his last customer.

This man was husky and dour, perhaps in his late thirties, and dressed in a cheap, shiny, black suit. His hair was long and black, and his dark face was creased with a frown. He was sitting alone in the corner, turning his cup round and round in his fingers. Seeing Cass approach, he lifted his steely eyes expectantly to those of the old man. Cass, however, turned and vanished out the door.

Slowly the old man trudged through the bare streets. He was shaken by what he had foreseen to-night. His back was bent as if he were carrying a heavy load. His countenance bore a sad, anxious look. As he turned into another bare, dark street he heard fast, hollow footsteps behind him. Sighing, he stopped and waited. The young man who had been sitting alone in the restaurant approached him breathlessly. After waiting awhile to catch his breath, he demanded of Cass, "You know what I need, don't you? I could tell when you looked at me. Why don't you give it to me?" His voice had risen and his face was dark with impatience. "Well, what is it?"

Cass reached into his box and gave to the man a small pair of scissors. The stranger grabbed them and muttered, "You'd better be right." Then he turned and hurried off. Cass stood rooted to the sidewalk. A policeman appeared suddenly out of the darkness a few minutes later, and ordered him to move on.

The young man had covered several blocks, and was nearing his apartment. In his pocket he felt the cold hard scissors knock against his leg. He was bewildered but excited. Here indeed was an easy way to make money. He reached his apartment house, crossed the deserted lobby, and stepped into the small self-service elevator. The sliding door closed quickly behind him, catching his scarf. The young man did not notice this, however. He pressed the button of the eighth floor, and the elevator began to move upwards. He felt a steady tug at his neck, and, turning slightly, he realized for the first time his tragic predicament. The pressure tightened on his neck. Little beads of perspiration appeared on his forehead. His breath came short and quick. Panic seized him. The scissors! He fumbled in his pocket and drew them out. Slashing wildly at his scarf, he finally freed himself and lay panting in the corner of the elevator. When he reached his floor, he staggered out of the elevator and into his room.

The next day passed quietly for Cass. A

momentary relief filled him. He returned home almost contented. When he entered his room, this feeling suddenly disappeared. There, sprawled in a chair, was the young man.

"Hello, partner," the young man greeted him.

"What do you want?"

"Nothing much." Then the intruder sat up straight. "I need you. Every day you're going to give me what I need. That's all."

Cass replied, "I want no part of you. Why don't you get out and leave me alone?"

"You seem to have the picture crooked. Let me straighten you out. You and I are partners from now on. Understand? We can make money doing this. For now, though, you can just tell me what I need each day." He got up and crossed to the door. There he paused for a second, smiling suavely. "See you."

When he had left, Cass sank down into a chair. He was worried. In that position he fell asleep.

The following day Cass avoided his usual routes. He went to the busy part of the city and tried to hide himself. This was not hard to do, especially when a drizzle started to fall in late afternoon. He delayed his return to his apartment as long as he could, but shortly after midnight he turned his footsteps homeward. As he trudged on and on through the rain, his movements becoming mechanical, he seemed to lose all his senses and reasoning. Thus he did not see his young "partner" approach. Some voice, hoarse with anger, spoke. "All right old man, what do I need tonight?" Cass trudged on as if he had heard or seen nothing. The young man grabbed his arm and yanked him around so that he looked squarely into his eyes. "What do I need?"

Cass still didn't answer. At this the angry youth tore the big box from Cass's hands and rummaged through it. Holding up a pocket-knife, he asked, "Is it this?" Cass did not reply. Then he opened a smaller box and took out a new pair of shoes. He dropped to the curb of the sidewalk, took off his own, and put on the new shoes. Then he stood up. "Are these what I need? No, they can't be. They're too small." He slipped. Regaining his balance, he started to walk slowly toward Cass. Again he slipped. "Are these what I need, old man?"

Cass was backing away from him. The young man tried to walk faster, but the tight, leather-soled shoes on the slippery pavement prevented him from doing this. Cass had now turned and crossed a narrow street. The

young man followed him, conscious of nothing except an intense desire to get to Cass and force him to answer.

Suddenly there was a loud squealing of tires. A shrill scream pierced the air. A motor started up, and a car drove swiftly away.

Cass, trembling from head to foot, went to the broken form in the middle of the street. He whispered hoarsely, "I'm sorry. You see, those shoes were what I needed. They were going to cause my death. By wearing them you saved my life, but killed yourself."

Mary Jean Hunt 11C

My Resolve

Before the bleak cliffs reaching,
I could hear the booming roar,
As the ocean's mighty breakers
Came crashing on the shore.

For each tremendous wave
There is a dream untold,
For the mysteries of the ocean
Are only His to unfold.

Upon these self-same waters
Many a galleon sailed for Spain,
Carrying the booty and the plunder
Stolen from the Spanish Main.

Bulging holds of gold and jewels
Lie strewn on her floor,
And it is these untold treasures
That urge men to explore.

As I stood and quietly listened
To her thundering, pleading voice,
"Wealth and greed are no exchange
For the life of simple choice."

I turned my footsteps inland,
And I made a firm resolve,
The ocean's hidden mysteries
Are for someone else to solve.

Bob Richmond 11D

The Wind

Over the tree, it comes to me,
Bounding, then flitting, wild and free,
Up to the clouds and down to the sea,
Over the mountains and over the lea,
Mellowed by flight through sweet-scented
pines,
Filled with the tang of the ocean winds,
Subtle as perfume of eastern climes,
Clear as the song of morning chimes,
The wind.

Bev. Raymes 12B



SPORTS

They Wanted Light On The Subject...And They Got It!



It was people with inquisitiveness and a sense of experiment in the early, struggling days of Hamilton that brought the first lighting to homes and factories.

In a little cottage on Main Street, a family that had been engaged in the work in England, produced the first sulphur match in 1830.

Then the first use of natural gas as an illuminant in Canada was in the Old Mill at Mount Albion, on the eastern part of the mountain.

The Young brothers of Hamilton took a role in it, too, by following up with the use of petroleum in the shape of a burner for the family lamp — something quite new for Canadians.

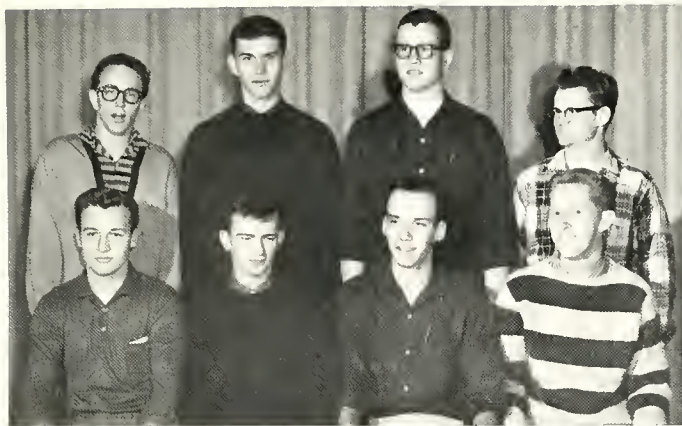
Famous in this line was Charles Willson, a chemist of York Street, who discovered acetylene gas — one of the more remarkable individual achievements in the growing town. Willson had a small room over a blacksmith shop and liked to try his talent in experiments.

THROUGH EXPERIMENT AND ORGANIZATION THE GREAT INDUSTRIAL TRIUMPHS OF HAMILTON HAVE MADE ITS NAME FAMOUS . . . WITH IT HAS GROWN THE HAMILTON SPECTATOR, NOW MORE THAN 110 YEARS OLD, AND AT A CIRCULATION FIGURE OF OVER 100,000 COPIES EVERY DAY.

To be SURE of what you read - Be Sure to read

The Hamilton Spectator

"SERVING CANADA'S GOLDEN HORSESHOE"
Established 1846



Back Row L. to R.: P. Harris, J. Drake, J. Visser, B. Wilson
 Front Row L. to R.: W. Vinter, B. Easter, R. Wilson, A. Angus

Boys' Athletic Directorate

Three years ago, when Nelson High School was opened, the point system of athletic awards was introduced. It was felt that this system of awards would be a challenge to the student body and as a result would produce a better spirit throughout the school.

The boys of the student body are divided into four houses. At the head of each house are an athletic director and a convener, who are elected for one year by the members of the house.

The house convener is responsible for the picking of such intramural teams as the basketball and football teams. He also aids the house director in his duties.

The house directors automatically form the Boys' Athletic Society, which elects from within its organization a president, a vice-president, a secretary-recorder, and a treasurer. The Athletic Directorate, as head of the society, is responsible for drawing up the intramural schedule in co-operation with the Physical Education Department, and is also responsible for providing chairmen for any meetings which are held. The vice-president's duty is to aid the president. The secretary-recorder has the task of announcing results of intramural and inter-school contests and also of recording the minutes of the athletic meetings. The treasurer is responsible for the handling of the money and for the control of the gates at inter-school competitions.

We feel that our house system is worthwhile. Under it, many students participate in athletic activities and have an opportunity to learn how to organize their own recreation and how to develop qualities of leadership.

Bob Easter,
 President, Boys' Athletic Society.

Boys' Senior Football



SENIOR "B" S.O.S.S.A. CHAMPIONS 1958-59



SENIOR "A" TEAM 1959-60

Senior Football 1959-60

The year 1959 marked Nelson High School's first year in the Senior "A" High School League. Last year the Seniors made an impressive showing in the Senior "B" loop, winning the "B" S.O.S.S.A. championship. This year the Seniors played an exhibition game with Stamford and six league games, emerging with a 3-3 win-loss record in league play and losing the exhibition game.

The 1959 Season

HOME: Stamford - 12; Nelson - 0
AWAY: Dundas - 27; Nelson - 7
AWAY: Saltfleet - 8; Nelson - 3
HOME: Burlington - 0; Nelson - 1
AWAY: Blakelock - 13; Nelson - 41
HOME: Waterdown - 31; Nelson - 13
HOME: Oakville - 0; Nelson - 9

First Game: Stamford, last year's Senior "A" champions, still showed championship form by taking an early lead of 6-0 and 13-0 at the end of the first half. Nelson displayed greater strength on defence in the second half, holding the champs scoreless, but our offence failed to score.

Second Game: Dundas proved too strong for the Nelson team and led 13-0 at the end of the first quarter and 14-0 at the end of the half. Nelson began strongly in the second half, scoring a major in the third quarter, thus closing the gap to 14-6, but Dundas came back in the fourth quarter to score two more touchdowns and to win 27-6.

Third Game: At Saltfleet, Nelson enjoyed their first mudbath. Mud and water covered the Saltfleet campus. The first quarter was scoreless and fumbles were many. The Saltfleet team opened the scoring in the second quarter with a long touchdown run. Nelson failed to retaliate. At the end of the first half, Saltfleet led 6-0. In the third quarter, Saltfleet scored two singles on rouges, and led at the end of the third quarter 8-0. Nelson came back strongly in the fourth quarter but were plagued with fumbles and penalties. Amy kicked a single with five minutes left and the defensive team caught Saltfleet behind their goal for a safety touch, but were unable to score a major.

Fourth Game: Burlington at Nelson -- the most important game of the year! Both teams were equally matched and fought hard in the first and second quarters but at half time the scoreboard was blank 0-0. The third quarter still saw a hard-fought battle but no score. It was anybody's game. With about five minutes left in the final quarter, Amy kicked a single point to put Nelson into a slim lead 1-0. Burlington fought strongly, but Nelson's defence stopped the Burlington team at the Nelson one-

yard line. That was a game which will be long remembered.

Fifth Game: This was Nelson's biggest win of the season. Blakelock opened the scoring in the first quarter with a touchdown to take a 6-0 lead. In the second quarter they scored another to take a 13-0 lead. In the closing seconds of the first half, Jim McMaster scored, to put Nelson on the scoresheet. Blakelock led at the half 13-7. Nelson came back strongly in the third quarter, scoring three more touchdowns to take a 27-13 lead. On the kick-off after touchdown, Ron Holmes kicked the ball 85 yards into the Blakelock end-zone for a single point, making the score 28-13. In the final quarter two more touchdowns were added to make the final score 41-13.

Sixth Game: This was the deciding game to see whether or not Nelson could enter the playoffs. Waterdown proved a little too strong by leading in the first half 14-7, and in the third quarter 27-13 and at the final whistle 31-13.

Seventh Game: Nelson enjoyed their second mudbath right on their own campus, only this time coming out on top to win. Oakville were still looking for their first win, and since this was their last game, they were out for blood; but the Nelson squad proved too strong by taking a 6-0 lead in the first half on a touchdown by Bill Simmons. In the second half the playing field was worse but Nelson managed to score a field goal in the final frame to win 9-0.

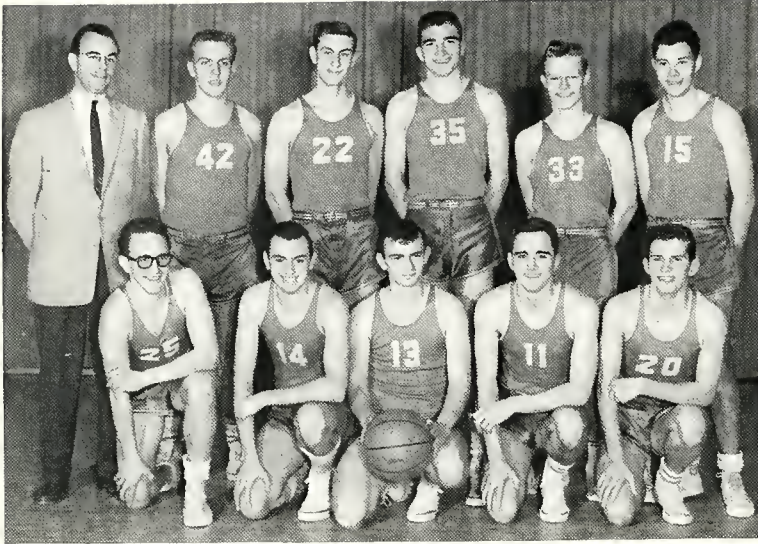
Next year we hope the Seniors go all the way to the championship, and with a little more school spirit and support from the student body such an achievement would be definitely possible.

Over and over again,
No matter which way I turn,
I always find in the book of life
Some lesson that I must learn.
I must take my turn at the mill,
I must grind out the golden grain,
I must do my work with a resolute will,
Over and over again.

Live up to the best that is in you; live noble lives, as you all may, in whatever condition you find yourselves, so that your monument may be that of Euripides: "This monument doth not make thee famous, O Euripides! but thou dost make this monument famous."

Laziness grows on people; it begins in cobwebs and ends in chains.

Boys' Basketball



SENIORS

Front Row:

P. Harris
J. Kilby
B. Easter (Capt.)
D. Amy
R. Cussons

Back Row: J. Phillips (Coach)

J. McMaster
J. Ross
T. Richardson
D. Nelson
J. Hejno



JUNIORS

Back Row: M. Aspden (Mgr.)

K. Rowe
D. Sullivan
M. Kilby
T. Stevens
J. Lang
Mr. Fisher (Coach)

Front Row: A. Rowe

B. Stafford
L. Bell (Capt.)
K. Sury
D. Gibson
R. Martin



MIDGETS

J. McGuire (Coach)
G. Richmond
A. Vonderveen
L. Holmes
K. Gonnson
D. Sellers
L. Haggar
J. Peachey (Coach)

Front Row (L. to R.)

P. Hartley, Mgr.
B. Dorey
D. Roberts
M. Sury
D. Duvall
K. Shonk
D. Homer
P. Smith
H. Haxton

Boys' Senior Basketball 1960

Although the senior boys' basketball team was not too successful this year, we have high hopes of having a very strong team next year, made up as it will be of three of the team's original five players and some of this year's promising-looking junior players.

The first game of the season was a thrilling one in which we lost to Burlington Central 63-62. Top scorers of the game: Jerry Kilby with 22, Bob Easter with 15, Dennis Amy with 9, and Dennis Nelson with 11.

Playing at Dundas for the second game, the team seemed to find the size of the gymnasium a definite disadvantage, going down to defeat 75-60. Top scorers in this game: Bob Easter with 20, Dennis Amy and Jerry Kilby with 12 each.

Against Waterdown the team lost another close game, 62-59, as Jerry Kilby hit for 22 points, followed by Dennis Amy and Bob Easter with 14 and 13 points respectively. Dennis Nelson and Jim McMaster both played a strong game against their old school team.

VICTORY was finally achieved against Saltfleet when we won 67-57. Coach Phillips was all smiles after the game. Top scorers were Jerry Kilby with 17, followed by Bob Easter with 14, and Tom Richardson, who played an outstanding defensive game, with 11. One of the highlights of the game was Ron Cussons' coming off the bench to score 7 points in the second quarter. Jerry Kilby hit for 11 of his 17 in a last-quarter drive. The fans were also treated to a looping hook shot by Pete Harris in the final seconds of the game.

In the final game of the season, the team lost 54-39 to Oakville-Trafalgar. Top scorers were Tom Richardson with 17 and Bob Easter with 12.

Members of the senior team: Dennis Amy, Bob Easter, Jerry Kilby, Tom Richardson, John Hejno, Jim Ross, Dennis Nelson, Jim McMaster, Pete Harris, and Ron Cussons. The coach of the team was Mr. John Phillips; the manager was Keith Allen.

COACH PHILLIPS' COMMENTS

If some of the boys in this school who have basketball ability had turned out for the team, and if all the prospective players had obtained sufficient marks, we would have had a championship team. Work for better marks and more players next year!

Boys' Junior Basketball 1960

It is often said that basketball is a game in which height plays an important part. This statement is probably very true, but apparently it had no effect on our Junior team. With a few new additions, plus a few losses (especially in height), our Juniors were able to give Nelson one of her better years in junior basketball. In fact it has been her best year since the school opened three years ago.

Probably the greatest victory, and one that usually brings forth a few smiles, was that over our close rivals, Burlington Central. With Karel Sury, Murray Kilby, Bill Stafford, Dan Sullivan, doing a yeoman job as a "scoring punch"; and Larry Bell, Jim Lang, Don Gibson working equally as hard on the "Back-court Brigade", a team was formed that I am sure gave Mr. Fisher, their coach, a great deal of satisfaction.

Although the team was unable to make the playoffs, they provided us with a thrilling, exciting and hard-fought Junior Basketball season.

Boys' Midget Basketball 1960

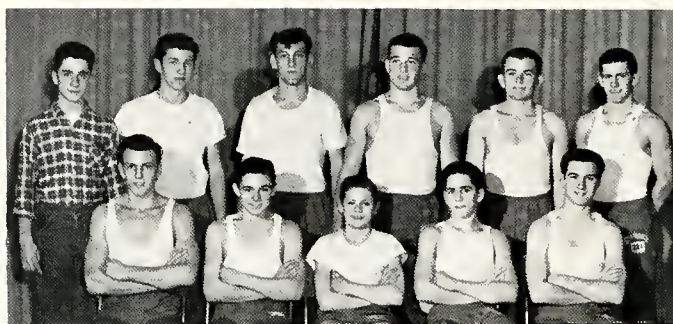
After two fairly poor basketball seasons, finally this year our Midget Team came through with the best record of any of our mid-get teams. Like the Juniors, they too lost several of last year's squad; yet with some new faces they played as if they had been together for years. Their greatest victory, I am sure, was in a thriller against Burlington Central, with our boys coming out on top.

With Karl Gonsen, Dave Sellars, Dick Hamer and several others providing the main "scoring punch", our team compiled quite a high scoring record, and split their wins and losses three a piece.

For their coaches, Mr. Peachey and Mr. McGuire, congratulations must be given for such a fine effort.

In view of the fine playing displayed by the team, we can be justified in expecting great things from them next year. Maybe even a championship!

Nelson - 25	vs Blakelock	- 23
Nelson - 40	vs Ancaster	- 34
Nelson - 31	vs Burlington	- 22
Nelson - 23	vs Oakville	- 47
Nelson - 12	vs Waterdown	- 27
Nelson - 13	vs Dundas	- 26



Back Row - L. to R.: Mngr. L. Muir; J. Block; W. Ford; F. Smith; B. Rusk; T. Burns
 Front Row - L. to R.: M. Osborne; J. Gardner; R. Worrall; T. Millet; B. Dredge
 Absent: G. Dyck; F. Haskell; H. Lycklama; S. Williams

Wrestling

Shortly before Christmas, during P.E. periods at school, the boys began wrestling under the guidance of Mr. Burns and Mr. Neale, who was the intercollegiate wrestling champion in his weight class. Mr. Neale decided to see if there was enough interest in our school to start a wrestling club. Although there was not an overwhelming number of boys that came to join, a wrestling team was established containing the following people in the following weight classes:

95 lbs. - Richard Worrall
 103 lbs. - Fred Haskell
 112 lbs. - Terry Millet
 120 lbs. - Jim Gardner
 127 lbs. - Bill Dredge
 133 lbs. - Tom Burns
 138 lbs. - Heinz Lycklama
 145 lbs. - Stan Williams
 154 lbs. - Mike Osborne; John Black
 165 lbs. - Bob Rusk
 180 lbs. - Frank Smith
 Heavy - George Dyck
 Manager - Langley Muir

"The ability to win in Intercollegiate wrestling is based on the competitor's strength, skill, balance, agility and endurance." Keeping this in mind our wrestling team trained diligently and enjoyed a very successful season.

Our first match was against Richmond Hill at Nelson, on January 23rd, when we won by a narrow margin of 6 points; score; Nelson 25 - Richmond Hill 19. The fastest pin that evening was made in the remarkable time of 50 seconds, by Bill Dredge.

Our next match was also against Richmond Hill, February 5, and our team, confident after its first team win, won by a larger margin of 8 points, score: Richmond Hill 23 - Nelson 31. The fastest pins that evening were, again, Bill Dredge winning in 1:39 seconds and Jim Gardner a close 1:50 seconds.

The following week, February 13, the Invitational Wrestling Championships of Ontario

were held at the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, at which our team obtained a wonderful 3rd place and earned themselves respect on the mat. These are the standings of the meet:

1st. Whitby - 73 points (also team champions the previous season)
 2nd. Kitchener Waterloo - 53 points
 3rd. Nelson - 49 points
 4th. Listowel - 39 points
 5th. Richmond Hill - 35 points
 6th. R. H. King - 29 points
 7th. Mitchell - 20 points

Home and home meets, which were scheduled against the Ontario Champions, Whitby, were cancelled due to very bad weather conditions.

The next meet was February 23 against Hamilton Central (this was their first team competition) at Nelson. At this meet, our team won all their individual matches with pins, each one gaining 5 points for the team. This gave the team an overwhelming victory of: Nelson 50 - Hamilton Central 0.

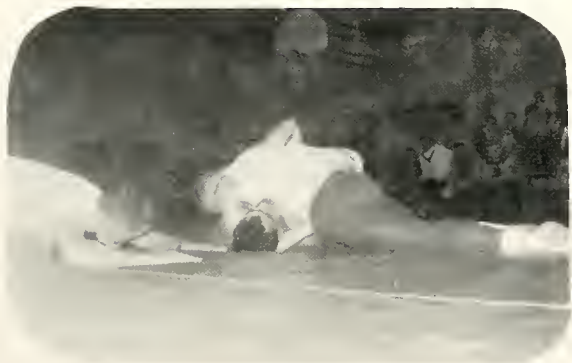
Leaving Nelson High at approximately 7:15 p.m., March 5th, the wrestling team arrived at Kenner Collegiate, Peterborough, at 10:00 a.m. to enter their second invitational meet, in which 4 other schools competed. Although our team didn't reach its usual standards, it did, however, finish in 3rd position. These are the standings of this meet:

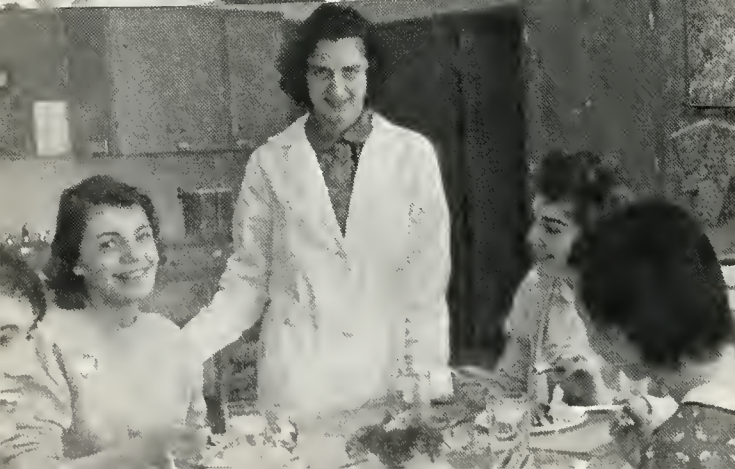
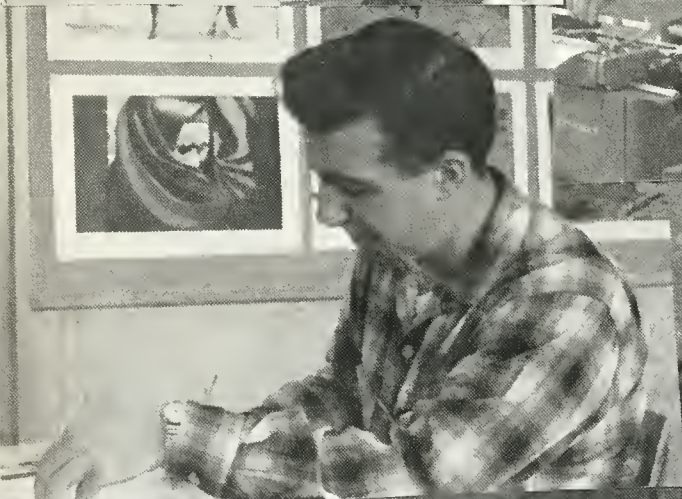
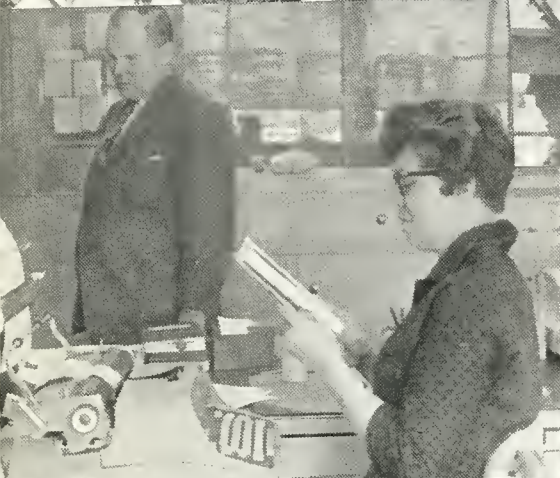
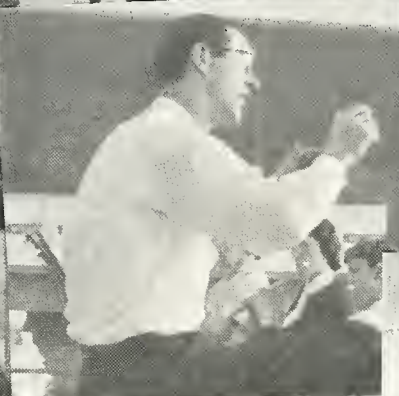
1st. Kenner - 107
 2nd. R. H. King - 89
 3rd. Nelson - 52
 4th. Thompson - 25
 5th. Whitby (only two boys) - 24

Scheduled for the near future is the Invitational Wrestling Championships at the University of Western Ontario, London.

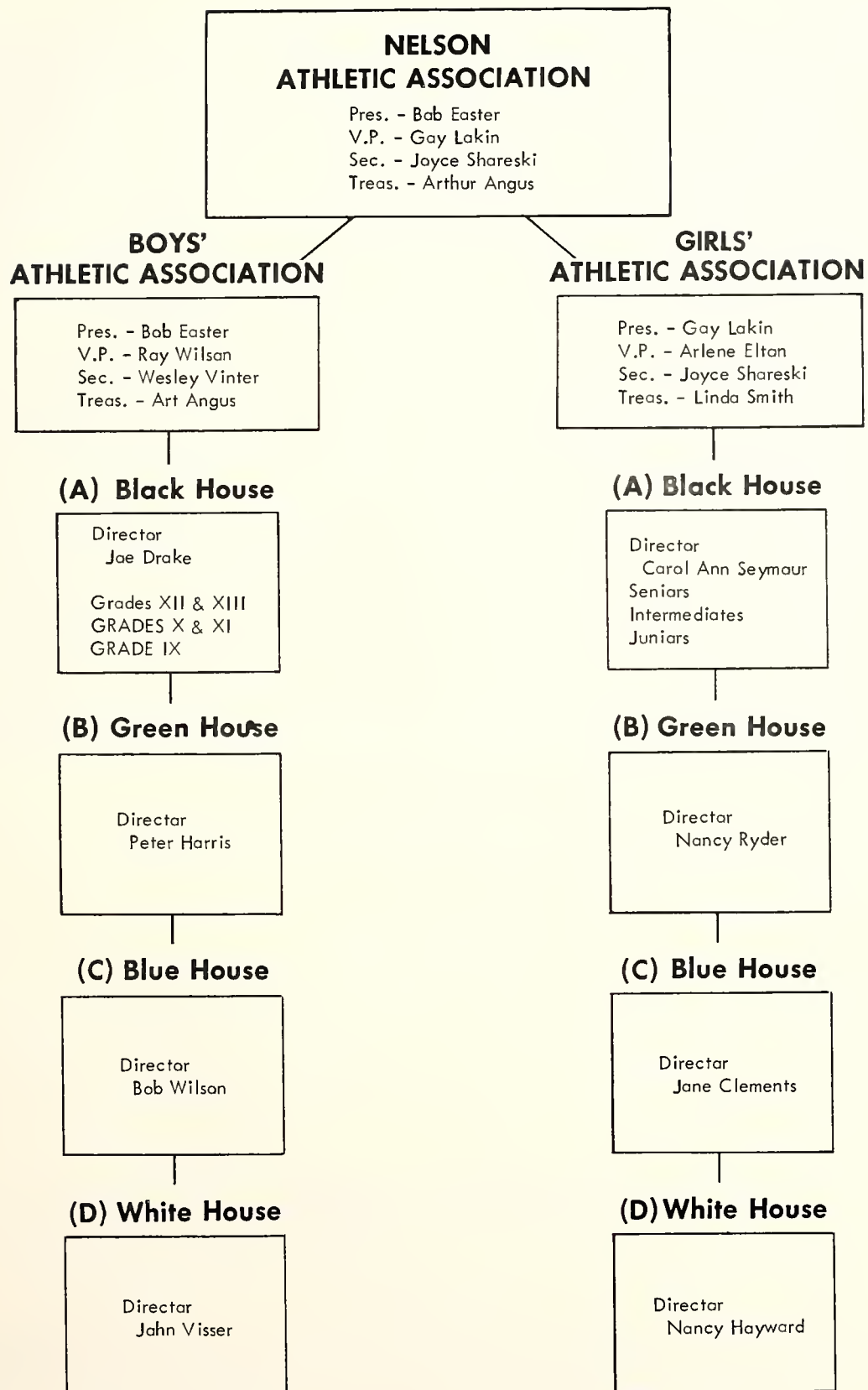
In conclusion I would like to convey the congratulations of all the school, to the team for its magnificent efforts.

Michael Osborne





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GIRLS' SPORTS DIRECTORATE



Back Row - L. to R.: N. Hayward; L. Smith; C. Seymour; J. Clements;
Front Row - L. to R.: J. Shareski; G. Lakin; A. Elton

The G.A.A.

The Girls' A. A. meets nearly every week to discuss means of encouraging students to participate in extra-curricular activities and ways to earn money. So far, the house system has proved very effective and seems to be a very compact organization.

We have planned a hanger drive in the spring to earn enough money to purchase the needed basketball uniforms and the needed equipment and supplies for more prosperous athletic activity.

The winning Girls' House last year was D House (White House) and in second place was C House (Blue House).

The school year is divided into six different curricular activities. From September to October it is fieldball and speedball, from October to November it is volleyball, from March to April it is badminton, in May it is track and field and from May to June it is baseball. The four houses compete in the extra period after school trying to gain points for their houses and for each student who participates. Students who are on school teams are not allowed to play in the intramurals as well. This gives everyone a chance to take part in the athletic activity of the school.

Nelson High School as in many other departments is noted for its unique Athletic System.

Girls' Basketball



SENIOR

Back Row, l. to r.:
C. Corlett (Mgr.)
S. Punnett
P. Duncan
D. Rimmer
K. Francis
S. Taylor

Second Row:
C. Seymour
N. Kvoriok
C. Banks
M. Flock
G. Lakin

Front Row:
M. Hewitt
J. Shareski
S. Wells
L. Chris



JUNIOR

Back Row, l. to r.:
Miss Green
L. Dobson
D. La Rue
M. Gudgeon
G. Banks
B. Kilby
D. Dawes
J. Hagen

Front Row:
G. Weir
J. Clements
H. Shubert
L. Smith
H. Morningstar
J. Wells
L. Taylor

Two morons were building a house. One, examining each nail as he picked it up, threw away about half of them. The other moron finally said, "What's wrong with them?"

FIRST MORON: "About half of these nails have heads on the wrong end."

SECOND MORON: "You fool, those are for the other side of the house".



MIDGET

Back Row L. to R.
 Nancy Hayward (Coach)
 J. Howe
 W. Bejnar
 L. Miller
 W. Chilman
 K. Spinks
 J. Mephram
 J. Kershaw

Front Row L. to R.
 C. Head
 M. Ferguson
 P. Easter
 C. Kerns
 D. Seagrove

Girls' Senior Basketball Team

This year the Senior team started nearly from scratch as there were only one or two players remaining from last year. We played Burlington Central twice and Blakelock High twice but didn't win any games. By the end of the playoffs we were playing one hundred per cent better than when we started but luck wasn't with us this year at all. We also played Saltfleet and Waterdown in exhibition games. Our appearance was very effective in our bright scarlet uniforms and these we were proud of. We are very proud of Mrs. Stephan and thank her for her patience and hard work.

Girls' Junior Basketball Team

The Junior Girls' Basketball team enjoyed their best season yet, under the able coaching of Miss Green. Winning 3 of 4 league games with Blakelock and Burlington and 2 exhibition games with Saltfleet, we advanced to the Sossa semi-finals but were defeated by Waterdown in two thrilling playoff games. The team was composed of only 2 of last year's members and the calibre of play was greatly improved from last year's and we are looking forward to an even better showing in the future.

The Midget Basketball

The Midget Basketball team this year was completely a student effort. Nancy Hayward was again the coach this year. Something new was tried since the tournament came so early and as the grade niners were wet behind the ears -- as far as basketball was concerned, she conducted B. Ball instruction courses. After practising every night till 5 and too many early morning practices, under the able whip of Nancy, they skunked Burlington High in exhibition games and went on to place 3rd in the tournament at Waterdown.

Ten Things Never to be Regretted:

Living a pure life.
 Hearing before judging.
 Thinking before speaking.
 Harboring clean thoughts.
 Standing by your principles.
 Being generous to an enemy.
 Stopping your ears to slander.
 Bridling a slanderous tongue.
 Putting the best constructions on the acts of others.
 Being honest in everything you do and in everything you say.

Miss McDonald: "Illustrate the meaning of the word 'hypocrisy'".

Peter: "A boy going to school with a smile on his face."



Girls' Curling Rink

This year, the girls' curling rink won the school girl trophy. This is the first time a rink composed entirely of Nelson girls has done so. They defeated, in total games, nine Burlington Central rinks. A very successful year in every way!

Girls' Volleyball

This year the Nelson Girls' Volleyball team made a good showing at the Volleyball Tournament held on October 29 in the McMaster Drill Hall. The Junior team lost a thrilling Championship game to Waterdown and took second place in the tournament, cheered on by the Nelson cheerleaders who accompanied us. The Seniors scored an upset victory when they defeated the team which went on to win the senior championship. Unfortunately they failed to place. It was 7:30 P.M. before the bus returned home with the teams who upheld the Nelson tradition of spirit and sportsmanship.

Girls' Gym Club

Junior: This year something new was introduced at Nelson - a junior Gymnastic Club consisting of grade nine girls. After a rousing organizational meeting of six prospective gymnasts, this club went into high gear and within four weeks the membership had skyrocketed to thirty-six. During the first few months instruction was the keynote, but soon the aspiring gymnasts became more or less at home on the apparatus and originality of movement was stressed.

Later, a senior student, Nancy Hayward, organized the group as a club. This was the first club at Nelson to have no staff supervision.

Senior: Before commenting on the Gym Club of this year, since this is our first year-book, a hint of the Club's background may be in order. Last year the girls put on a gymnastics display for Cadet Day and entered into a gymnastic competition with Blakelock. This year, under the guidance of Miss Green, they are preparing for the Gymnastic display night.

Ontario Athletic Leadership Camp

I think any inmate of O.A.L.C. remembers the 3 f's, fun, food and fatigue. The campus is on the eastern shores of Lake Couchiching, the crystal clear, and frigid so it seemed at eight in the morning waters of the north. An immense cinder track, flanked by courts for basketball, volleyball and tennis and the fully equipped gym is your first impression after you are on the 'inside'. Although the physical features, the dining halls, lecture halls and libraries were beautiful and up-to-date, the thing which impressed me most was the calibre of the teaching staff and the 120 representatives from every part of Ontario. The break neck pace left us man sized eaters and eager to hit the sack. The course was very profitable. I netted a folder jammed with notes, 120 addresses and five pounds.

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Senior Cheerleaders



Back Row - L. to R.: C. Seymour, L. Martin, G. Bonks, B. Wetlauffer.
Front Row - L. to R.: L. Chris, N. Ryder (Capt.), P. Duncan

Junior Cheerleaders



Back Row - L. to R.: C. Clowson, D. Dawes, L. Taylor
Front Row - L. to R.: M. Kvariak, M. Hunt,
Absent: S. Russan



Our Adopted Vietnamese Boy



Duong Cong Nghiep

Nelson High School has adopted a Vietnamese boy! His name is Duong Cong Nghiep and his birthdate is December 2nd, 1949. The students of N. H. S., having adopted him, through the Foster Parent's Plan are providing him with food, clothing, schooling, medical care and any other needs he may have, until Nghiep is able to do so himself.

Nghiep lives with his parents, two younger brothers and a younger sister, in the city of Saigon. His father used to sell fly-screen food covers, earning about 41¢ a day, managing to provide a bare living for his family. About two years ago, he developed tuberculosis and since then the family has become well acquainted with stark poverty. The poor man cannot afford medical treatment; therefore, he has been growing weaker until his condition is now critical.

The burden of supporting the family has fallen to Nghiep's mother, who tries to earn their livelihood by selling tea. However her activities are limited by a deformed left foot so that her earnings never exceed 15¢ a day, which is inadequate for even the basic necessities of six people. Their plight is desperate. The parents worry about repaying a debt of \$30.91 which, under the circumstances, represents a considerable sum. They are unable to buy enough food to satisfy their children's hunger so that without exception they are pale and thin. Moreover, Nghiep's two younger brothers have shown signs of early tuber-

culosis, but his parents cannot afford medical treatment for them.

To raise money, they had to sell a rickety palm-leaf house for \$20.59. They have no idea where they are going to go and are wondering how they are going to get enough money together to rent other living quarters. In the way of furniture they have two beds, a table and two benches, all of which are old and dilapidated. The situation facing the Duong family is that of urgent need.

Nghiep is a well-mannered boy with an oval face and a pale complexion. He suffers from a skin infection which is traceable to a vitamin deficiency and, as can be seen in the photograph, he is in need of plentiful, nourishing food. Nghiep was attending the third grade of primary school when his father fell ill but had to give up his studies as there was no money to pay school fees. His greatest wish is to go back to school, and at this point his ambition is to become a soldier when he is old enough. By extending a helping hand to this 10 year old boy, we have assured him a monthly grant of \$8.00, food and clothing parcels, and any necessary medical care. Of equal importance to the family is the heartwarming knowledge that someone cares and wants to help. Our interest and kind assistance will bring hope and encouragement into this poor home and afford Nghiep the opportunity of looking toward a brighter, more secure future.

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ACTIVITIES



MARY MARSHALL 11-G.



L. to R. L. Sackrider, B. Morris, B. Stafford, H. Montgomery

Student Parliament

In its third year of existence Nelson High School Student Parliament looks back proudly on its first years. It came into being during 1957-58 when a small group of students, under the leadership of Dennis Brannan, formed a provisional student council comprised of class and grade representatives to draw up a constitution for a permanent student governmental body. A parliamentary form of government was devised, a government that was modelled from our national government in Ottawa. The group of students that year undertook the difficult task of modifying the parliamentary code to suit a student government and after much arduous labour they formed the constitution upon which the students would operate their government.

Last year the new system was put into operation to test its merits. The two parties -- Scarlet led by Dennis Brannan and Gold led by John Hier -- formed political platforms and presented them to the student body in a general assembly. Unfortunately, for the development of the Parliament, the competition was weak and the Scarlet Party received almost unanimous backing. Dennis Brannan and his cabinet of Brian Morris, Susan Hurst and Bob Rusk became the executive of the new body. The lack of opposition limited the operation of the parliament and there were few differences of opinion. The senior students carried on what little debating there was. Despite this weakness the student parliament did much to establish Nelson as a better known school. Students went regularly to the Paul Hanover Show, Nelson had its own column in the Gazette and Parliamentary representatives went to the student council conference in Hamilton.

This year the parliament matured. Two strong parties -- Scarlet led by Brian Morris and Gold led by Nancy George -- formed excel-

lent platforms, presented them in a general assembly, and prepared to fight to the finish. Posters, slogans, and political propaganda sprouted like weeds throughout the school. The Scarlet managed to emerge victorious from the election, having a majority of one representative in the parliament. Later the song suggested by the Gold Party during the campaigning became the official school song.

Despite strong clashes of opinion and heated arguments the parliament this year organized a Christmas Dance, a Christmas Party and rules governing the use of the school parking lot.

The constitution is similar to that of the federal government. It is based on the two-party system, the Scarlet and the Gold, each with its own party leader and cabinet. The party receiving the highest representation forms the government and its leader becomes the Prime Minister. The house chooses an impartial speaker to uphold the rules of debate and to keep order while the house is in session. There are certain differences between our parliament and the one at Ottawa; the split between the two parties is artificial since no one chooses the party to which he would like to belong, and the party cabinets are elected by the whole school. Some may say these differences detract from the efficiency of the parliament; but nevertheless, this system acquaints the members with the functioning of our country's government which is important now and in the future.

Your student parliament tries to represent all students equally and fairly, to interest them in their school, to maintain the good reputation of Nelson and to encourage extra-curricular activities which will benefit the student. However one only gets as much out of Student Parliament as he contributes to it. The Parliament is proud of the many students who have supported it in its formative years.

Brian Morris
Prime Minister



L. to R. A. Johnson, N. George, D. Richardson

History Club

History Club Trip to the United Nations

Fifty-one members of the History Club left for the New York by train at 8:33 p.m. on Wednesday, April 6th. We visited the American Museum of Natural History and the Hayden Planetarium. We were taken on a bus tour and a boat trip around Manhattan. Thursday evening we went to Radio City Music Hall, the world's largest theatre, to see the Easter stage production starring the Rockettes, and the movie "Please don't eat the Daisies".

Friday, of course, was the day we had all been looking forward to. When we first arrived at the United Nations we were taken on a conducted tour of the building. We saw the General Assembly which houses representatives from each of the eighty-two member nations when it is in session; the Security Council chamber decorated by Norway and housing representatives from each of the five great powers and six others elected by the Assembly. We also saw the Trusteeship Council chamber which was decorated by Denmark. We attended a session of the Economic and Social Council where we were able through earphones, to hear the speeches from the floor in five languages.

At noon we ate in the delegates dining room, and in the afternoon met Mr. Mathieu, a mem-

ber of the Canadian Mission. He told us about his work in the U.N. and Canada's position in world affairs. We asked many questions about Canada's policy on several crucial matters in the world today. Most of us left the United Nations with a keener insight into the relationship of Canada with the other world powers.

On Friday evening we saw the Broadway musical "My Fair Lady" and despite the fact that most of us sat in the last row in the balcony we heard every word distinctly and thoroughly enjoyed the show.

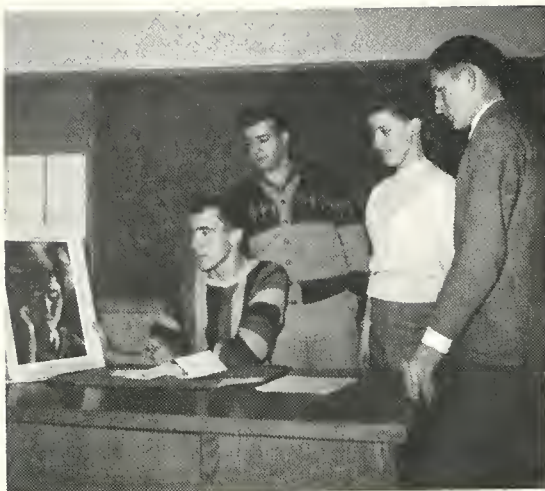
We owe a very special thanks to Mr. Laverder, our staff representative who patiently helped us all year with his ideas and advice. We were very disappointed when due to an illness in the family he was unable to make the trip.

Thanks are in order to our chaperones, Miss Green and Mr. Heaver, who so willingly gave of their time in order to accompany us.

We of the executive (Mary Lynn McCalpin - president, Janice Warwick - vice-president, Harriet Morningstar - secretary and Liz Dobson - Treasurer) sincerely thank everyone who made our trip possible.

Mary Lynn McCalpin,
President.





L. to R. B. Wiltshire, L. Cockburn M. Flock,
E. Havanec

The Art Club

Since this is the first year of Nelson High School's Art Club, all action is being carried out on an experimental basis. The club's aim is to afford time, in which those interested in art can practice their skills under the helpful supervision of Mr. R. Bateman. In addition to this, the club has taken the job of preparing decorations for various school functions and of painting the sets for the Drama Club's Play Night. Operations have so far been very successful and we hope that they continue to be so.

Bob Wiltshire - President.

Prospective Teachers' Club

This year a new club was added to Nelson's list of extra-curricular activities. It was the Prospective Teachers' Club, headed by Mr. Heaver. The club held three meetings before sending its members out on a one-day observing and teaching assignment.

At the first meeting Mr. Lawless, the Superintendent of Elementary Schools, spoke on the general qualifications needed for teachers, the courses at Teachers College, specialization in elementary teaching, salaries, and the advantages of Burlington's educational system. Mr. Heaver, at the second meeting, showed a film dealing with children's behaviour in school. The showing of this film was followed by a discussion period. The third meeting was devoted to instruction on how to prepare lessons and a discussion of our assignments.

The following afternoon and the next morning the members went in pairs to observe and teach lessons at various public schools in the Burlington area.

The unanimous feeling of the members of this club was that it had certainly been a useful and worthwhile experiment. Nearly all of us have decided to become teachers.

Dramatic Society

The executive of the Dramatic Society for the past year was President, Helen Montgomery; Vice-President, Lynda Smith; Secretary, Roberta Howe; Treasurer, Gerry O'Connor. The grade representatives were: Grade thirteen, Margaret Carson; Grade twelve, Lynda Sackrider; Grade eleven, John Montgomery; Grade ten, Vicki Smith; Grade nine, Leslie Jones.

The three plays, *The Monkey's Paw*, *The Happy Journey* and *The Taming of the Shrew*, and their casts were chosen before Christmas. Rehearsals began after Christmas. *The Monkey's Paw* was directed by John Montgomery and produced by Richard Squires. *The Happy Journey* and *The Taming of the Shrew* were directed by teachers; Mr. G. Coggins, *The Taming of the Shrew*; and Mr. B. Bateman, *The Happy Journey*. The producers were: Janet Williams, *The Taming of the Shrew*; and Marilyn Tregunno, *The Happy Journey*.



Front Row L. to R. G. O'Connor, H. Montgomery, L. Smith, R. Howe,
Back Row L. to R. M. Carson, L. Sackrider
J. Montgomery, V. Smith
Absent: L. Jones

The First Dance

The first dance of the year, put on by the Science Club, was a huge success. Not only the old faithfuls attended, but also a good turnout of grade nines.

The purpose of the dance was to get the grade niners acquainted, which was attempted with "Snowball" dances.

The music was provided by the Everly Brothers, Elvis Presley, Pat Boone, and several others. Nobody seemed to mind that the above didn't make personal appearances.

The pupils were generous in their praise for those who had contributed to the success of the first-nighter. The enthusiasm with which the dance was greeted indicated a top-notch season for dances.

The members of the Science Club can be proud of themselves for starting the year out with such an enjoyable dance.



Sadie Hawkin's Dance

Friday, November 27, 1959

What a crowd!! It really takes the girls to get the boys out. The cheerleaders can be justly pleased with themselves after staging such a successful dance. The dress and the atmosphere in the gymnasium were strictly in the Dogpatch theme.

Over 150 girls got in the spirit, went out, caught a 'fella' and brought him out to make this one of the best dances of the year.

We really went all out. No restrictions on dress. The gym (after the cheerleaders struggled to sell 125 tickets before a deadline) was available for more roomy dancing.

"Marrying Sam" (Bradley Stackhouse) was a sensation with those gold bands and marriage licences for only 10 cents. During intermission "kikapoo juice" (cider) and donuts were the attraction, staying in the Dogpatch theme.

The cheerleaders should be congratulated for the wonderful job they did in decorating the gym and for making it a wonderful evening for everyone present.



Christmas Party

Those students who recovered from the exams and the dance the night before attended a very enjoyable and entertaining program organized by Helen Montgomery and Linda Smith.

The program began with a basketball game in the gym between the Junior and Senior teams. The audience then moved into the auditorium for more entertainment.

Helen Montgomery started the program in keeping with Christmas by reading the Christmas Story. The auditorium then rang with the voices of students and teachers joining in singing Christmas carols.

Gerry O'Connor was then introduced as our emcee for the remainder of the program. Jane Thomas sang "Winter Wonderland", followed by a newcomer to Nelson High, Con Borg, playing "Silent Night" on his electric guitar. The majorettes, all dressed gaily, did a pantomime

in a toy shop. Carolyn Morris, Gwen and Jane Weir, dressed as old Swedes, entertained us with the Christmas song, "I Ust Go Nuts at Christmas". The male teachers of Nelson then showed the students they had another talent besides teaching as they sang a few songs. Vici Gilliland then sang "The Christmas Song".

We heard bells and a jolly old laugh and we found we were getting a visit from Old Saint Nick. Mr. Gilmore, disguised as Santa, and the Cheerleaders, dressed as angels, were helping him as he climbed on the stage with his heavy laden pack. He handed out gifts to many of those present.

Those present then adjourned to the gym again for an obstacle race between the students and the teachers, which ended a very enjoyable and successful morning. We all left the school with thoughts of the next two weeks of holidays.



Fantasy in Frost

Monday, December 21, 1959

The end of exams was celebrated by over 200 students and guests. The previous nights studying didn't injure the turnout for the last dance of 1959.

The semi-formal dance was sponsored by the Students Council. Dancing commenced at 9 o'clock and lasted until 1. The music was provided by Doug Powles and his combo.

The gym was gaily and beautifully decorated with snowflakes in the theme of "Fantasy in Frost". Santa, or one of his helpers dropped in

unexpectedly for a short waltz with brave Mr. Coggins.

Some of the prize winners were: Gay Lakin, Bill Simmons, Penny Duncan and Harry Poyton.

During intermission refreshments were available.

After months and weeks of study for those Christmas exams we were all glad to get out and relax at the wonderful dance sponsored by our Students Council.



Annual Family Night

The eventful Annual Family Night at Nelson High was held on Friday, February 19. This was a night to remember. I am sure all of those present, students and parents, had a very enjoyable evening together.

Parents and students both crowded the dance floor dancing to Chris Lovett and his band. Dancing continued from 9:00 to 1:00.

Our own dance band performed during the intermission and they definitely gave all of us from Nelson High something to be proud of. Jayne Thomas, to be praised for her wonderful singing added enjoyment to the evening.

We were then fortunate to have the Burlington Barber Shop Quartet entertain us.

The moment we had all been waiting for arrived at 11:30 - our 1960 queen was to be crowned. Judy MacIver was the choice of the student body and she looked stunning with the crown, bouquet of roses and red cape. Her attendants were Elaine Rice, Nancy Ryder, Dawn Coulter and Bonnie Herman.

The Home and School deserves many thanks for staging such an enjoyable evening for us all.



Spring Prom

The Athletic Association defied the superstition of Friday 13th and staged a very successful Spring Prom on Friday, May 13. The gym was filled with students, teachers and guests dancing to the wonderful music of the Imperials. The music and decorations were greatly enjoyed by all.

All the girls looked beautiful in their gay spring dresses dancing amidst the beautiful decorations. In keeping with the theme of Heaven and Hell the gym was decorated with red lights and red devils at one end and blue lights and angels at the other end of the gym. The Art Club should be congratulated for their wonderful work on the decorations.

This enjoyable Spring Prom marked another success for the Athletic Association and ended the major Social activities for this year.



Junior Graduation Exercises

The first Junior Graduation at Nelson High School took place on Wednesday, December 2, 1959. Mr. Gilmore, our principal was the chairman for the afternoon. The Senior Concert Band played as the parents and graduates arrived. Mr. Gilmore spoke, then the members of the board present were introduced. All present then enjoyed an interesting and informative speech by Mr. J. W. Singleton, the Director of Education. The Secondary diplomas were presented by Mr. M. Robinson assisted by Miss Robinson and Mr. Lavender.

Secondary school graduation diplomas were received by: Dennis Amy, Arthur Angus, Larry Bell, Marion Bozel, Dennis Brannan,

Michael Deacon, Dale Broadbent, Jane Clarkson, Dawn Coulter, Virginia Dobson, Donald Farmer, Janice Featherstone, Jean Gunby, Susan Gunn, Bruce Hawkins, John Hier, Margaret Hovanec, Sue Hurst, Chris Hyde, Larry Johnson, Hilary Johnson, Janet Kolosta, Earnest Love, Penny Robinson, Lorraine Martin, Beverley McCormack, Barbara Milne, Jeanette Peer, Barry Rose, Barbara Plumpton, Sue Punnett, Roger Short, Beverley Roe, David Shepherd, Donald Smith, Esther Springale, Mary Lou Taylor, Anna Todd, Jane Vander Veen, Wesley Vinter, John Walker, Roy Wilson.

The principal, staff, and graduates enjoyed a social hour in the cafeteria.

Autumn

Autumn is the transitional season of my personal year. For a time I had lived each day in a lackadaisical manner, often without purpose, indulging in pleasurable pursuits. As temperatures fall, my spirits rise. I am stimulated by the prospects of organized work. The summer has passed and with it has passed the listlessness of humid days. The cool, refreshing mornings cleanse my mind of summer trivia and I foresee mental clarity. To some, autumn is a symbol of decay, but this deterioration is to me a promise of new life. For a while the earth will sleep, revitalizing itself to come to fruition once again. For the earth it is a physical transition; for me it is a mental and spiritual transition.

Bill Stafford 11A

Mr. Lavender was to address the Home and School Association. When he heard himself praised in the way chairmen think necessary for introducing speakers, he said:

"After hearing what the Chairman has said, I can hardly wait to hear myself speak."

Richard and Fred were hitch-hiking to Queenston Heights. Walking along the highway, Richard was reciting his favourite speech from "Julius Caesar". Suddenly Fred stopped and pointed to the top of the hill.

Fred: "Look, Richard, there's the monument. That's where Sir Isaac Brock fell."

Richard: "What did he fall off, the monument?"

Nature's Song

Have you ever walked alone
Through a field of curious things,
Bullfrogs green and mossy stones
And pretty butterflies on the wing?

The flowers paint a lovely scene,
And seem to hum a tune
About themselves so sharp and keen,
Bursting into bloom in June.

The gentle winds and sunlit sky
Blend into the harmony.
Your heart is light as you pass by
This joyous symphony!

The hours fly so quickly,
And it's really time to go,
But I'll be back again some day;
Please teach me more I'd love to know.

So until then, goodbye, my friends,
God bless you one and all --
For He so loves everything,
Be they great or small.

Lynda Wood 10E

It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles; the less they have in them the more noise they make in giving it out.

TRAINER (to boxer): "Joe, you're really taking a beating."

BOXER (rather groggy): "Yeh, I should have got him in the first round when there was only one of him."

Senior Concert Band

"In only three years Nelson has developed one of the finest concert bands in the district," was one of the complimentary comments heard after a recent concert in which our band scored a tremendous success. Everyone has been impressed with the band's remarkable progress in such a short time. We feel that the success is due to the hard work and zeal of Mr. Leroy, who has been the inspiration for our band. His untiring efforts and great spirit have been appreciated by all.

Most of the band members no doubt still remember the first day of practice in the fall of 1957, when we all squeezed into room 101 at lunch hour to begin preparing for the official opening ceremonies of the school. The featured number of the evening was "Trumpet Tune" by Purcell. In this first public performance of the band, only ten of the fifty band members had played an instrument before school opened. In the spring, the band toured the surrounding public schools to give the elementary school pupils an idea of the instruments available at Nelson High School.

Last year the music activities at Nelson were at their peak, with the band having several engagements. The executive was composed of Karel Sury, President; Bruce Hodgson, Vice-President; Dave Ferguson, Treasurer; Sue Foster, Secretary; Dale Broadbent, Librarian. Our first big concert was at the Scottish Rite Cathedral where we played in front of a capacity audience composed of teachers and student council executives from all over Ontario. During Education Week we had the opportunity of playing on radio and our two selections were "Curtain at Eight" and "And Suddenly". The climax of the whole year, as far as music students were concerned, was the first spring concert, which was one of the most successful ventures at Nelson all year. The concert featured the senior and junior bands, the glee club, and the dance band. Some of the assisting soloists were Agnes Rose, piano; Carolynne Morris, ballet; Jane Weir and Karen Tierney, vocal duet; Bob Zsadyani, tympani solo; Jayne Thomas, vocal solo; Esther Springler, vocal solo; Eve Aldis, musical comedy; Karel Sury, accordion solo. We all hope that this year's concert will follow in the footsteps of its predecessor.

This year the band has been equally active, providing entertainment at pep rallies, auditorium programs and Home and School meetings. This year's executive is Dave Ferguson, Vice-President; Bob Zsadyani, Treasurer; Mary Lou Taylor, Secretary. After several weeks of practice, an extremely enjoyable evening of music was provided by the band at Port Nelson United Church. This was the very

first time that the band played in their new uniforms and certainly everyone is grateful to the Home and School Association for raising most of the money for our benefit. We are now looking forward to future concerts at Dunnville and at our own Annual Spring Concert.

With continued co-operation of the members, the Senior Band will improve with practice and time and will make Nelson known as the school with one of the finest concert bands in Ontario.

Junior Band

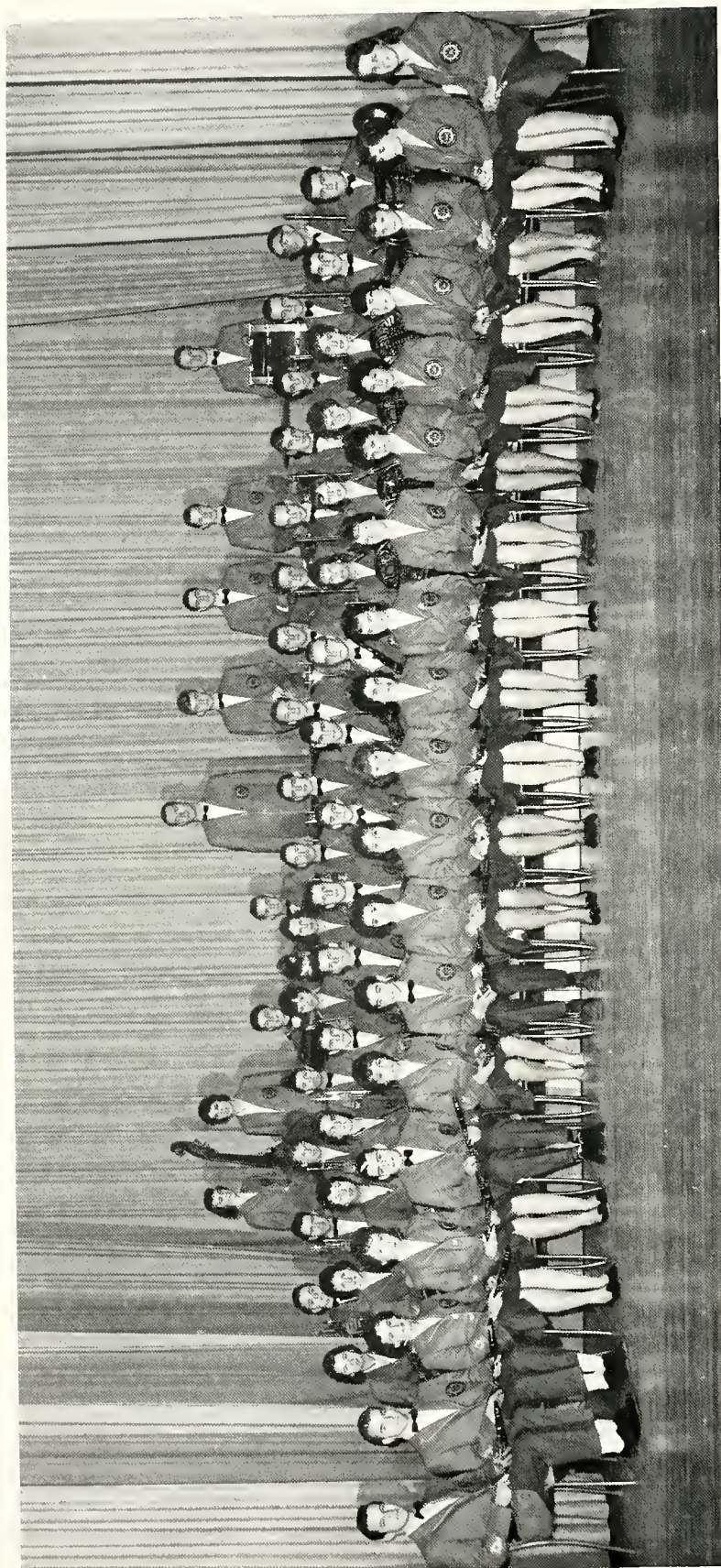
The Junior Band has grown in importance at our school and has produced some excellent musicians. The main purpose of this band is to give the students experience in band work and to prepare them for the Senior Band. It is made up of Grade Nine and Grade Ten students who are in their first year of music. Last year at the Spring Concert, the Junior Band made an excellent showing, featuring the numbers "The King's Highway" and "Hoof Prints". They also provide the entertainment at all the junior auditorium programs. Thus the Junior Band plays an important part in the development of music at Nelson.

Dance Band

The Dance Band consists of the following players: Jack Bray, trumpet; Maurice Hines, trumpet; Dale Broadbent, bass; Bob Zsadyani, drums; Bob Henderson, trombone; Paul Francis, trombone; Bob Clarke, trombone; Gord Price, alto sax; Karel Sury, tenor sax; Doug Hines, alto sax; Dave Ferguson, tenor sax; Jim Lang, baritone sax. We provided entertainment at last year's and at this year's Family Nights with both performance a success. At last year's Spring Concert we played "Song of India", "American Patrol" and "How the Blues Began", which featured Jayne Thomas, Doug Hines, Jack Bray, and Bob Henderson. Under the able direction of Mr. Leroy, the future of the Dance Band looks very bright with many playing engagements expected.

Overheard at Exam Time:

"This examination will be conducted on the honour system. Please take seats three seats apart and in alternate rows."



Senior Concert Band

Front - L. to R.: Gord Price; Doug Hines; Donna Harris; Nancy Hayward; Richard Moffat; Nora Kvorlak; Charles Alton; Jo-Anne Brien; Frances Kubis; Jane Soulez; Chris Mussleman; Jane Hagen; Liz Dobson; Marg Kvorlak; Mary Balsch; Jane Clarkson; Agnes Rose; Frances Smith; Rose Sadoway.
 Second Row - L. to R.: Carol Colling; Jane Clements; Susan Hurst; Sue Foster; Karel Sury; Dave Fergusson; Jim Hunt; Mike Hall; Jim Long; Gordon Eagle; Sue Carlton; Joan Searle; Janet Hayward; Joanne McArthur; Bert Hamer; Tom Harrower
 Third Row - L. to R.: Brian Hawkins; Ron Bell; Marjorie Smith; Robin McGregor; Janet Gordon; Mary Jo Everett; Ricky Martin; John Nicholson; Maurice Hines; Jack Bray; Graham Double; Jim Kirkland; Bob Craig; Bob Clarke; Paul Francis; Bob Henderson
 Fourth Row - L. to R.: Dale Broadbent; Mary Lau Taylor; John Martin; Peter Vanderveen; Mr. LeRoy - Conductor; Bob Zsadyani; Philip Hess; Jim Blake; Mary Aspden.



Dance Band

Front Row L. to R.: Jim Lang; Karel Sury; Doug Hines-President; Gord Price; Dave Fergusson; Mr. Howard LeRoy
 Second Row - L. to R.: Maurice Hines; Dole Broadbent; Jack Broy; John Nicholson; Bob Zsodanyi; Bob Clarke; Paul Francis; Jim Hunt; Bob Henderson

Bill: "Sir, are you trying to make a fool of me?"
 Mr. Jones: "Why should I take credit for it?"

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Glee Club

To be able to relax after a trying day at school is like coming upon a large oasis in the desert. Though this is not the chief function of the Glee Club, relaxation does certainly enable the group to get into the spirit of singing well.

Although the lack of interest from the boys developed the Glee Club into a girls choir it did not hinder us from making appearances at the assemblies. On November 10, 1959, the Glee Club, under the able direction of Mr. Vogt, was featured on the program of the Remembrance Day service, rendering an anthem. Again at the Christmas Party, the Glee Club led in singing Christmas carols. By press time, the club

will have participated in the Annual Spring Concert along with the school orchestra.

The approximate membership of the Glee Club is forty-five and the following is a list of the officers:

President - Dawn Coulter
 Secretary - Jayne Thomas
 Librarian - Carol Colling
 Pianist - Agnes Rose

The Glee Club wish to convey their wishes of congratulations to the editorial staff for this their first and Nelson's first yearbook.

Dawn Coulter, President

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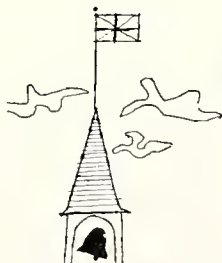
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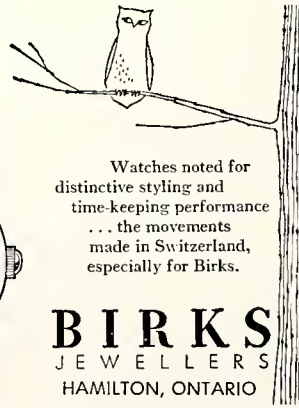
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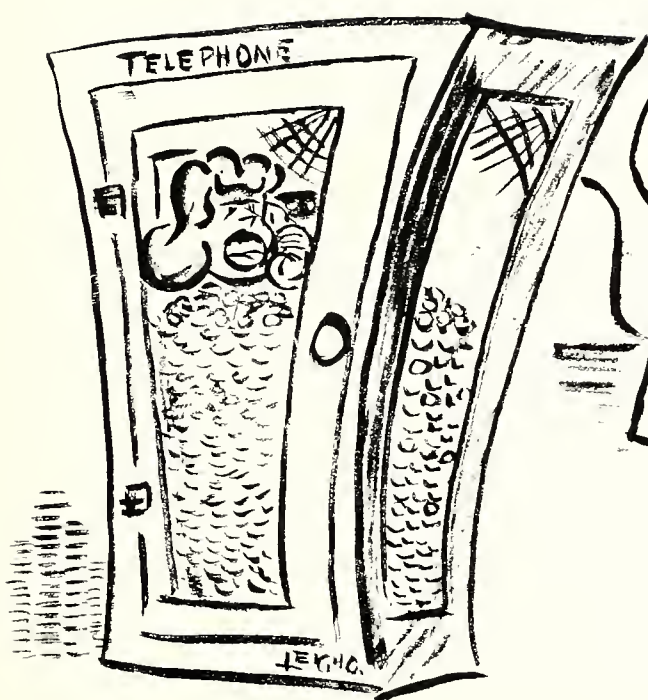
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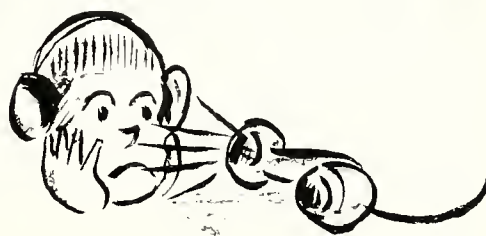


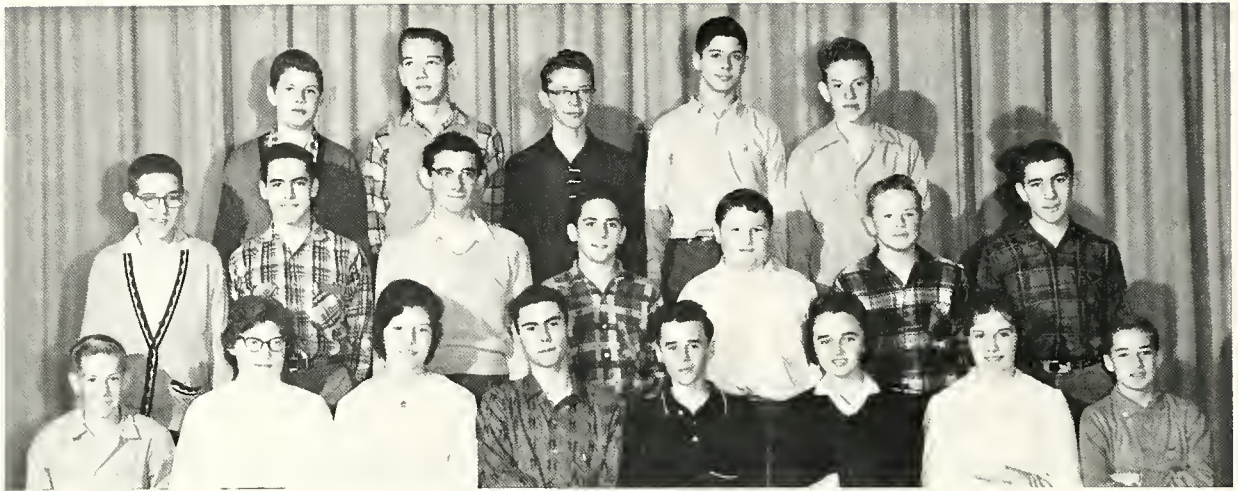
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GLASS NEWS





9A



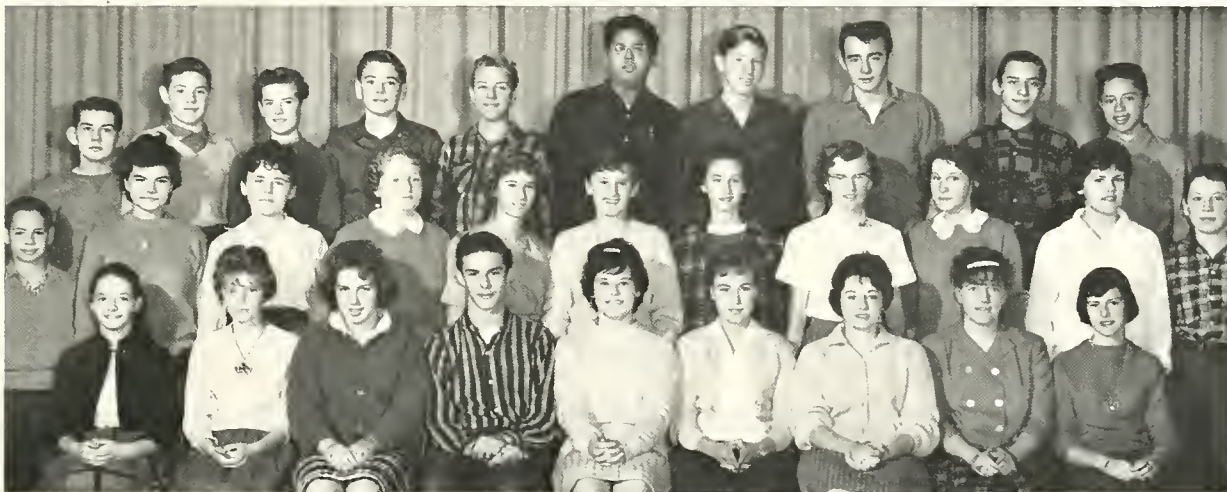
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9C



9D



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9F



9G



9H



9J



9K

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Gems of the Collar Grade IX

What Would Happen If:

Gary Baughman shaved his head?
Brad Stackhouse couldn't argue his way out of detentions?
Georgia Campbell really swooned?
Heather Yuile dropped Art?
Pat Conners had to do without you know who?
Mary Barrow broke another cylinder in science?
Barb Farmer had to do without Mr. X?
Gail Garvin really studied hard?
Gary Jefferies wore spikes playing basketball?
Don MacIver fell asleep in the math class?
Doreen Marchand had to do without Ted?
Dave Gallagher and Fred changed places?
Sandra Hotte remembered her book in Mr. Neale's class?
Barb Watkins bothered Pat in class?
Gillian Pettman just went out for a drink?
Rick Bryant came to school to work?
Lois Mercer discovered that the cat has a tongue?
Glyn Stevenson admitted that he likes girls?

A Few Observations:

Sharron Grivel yelling, "Gravel, wait for me!"
Milan Sury barking, "Settle down and read!"
Fred Gallagher's big grin.
Carol Downton and Wayne: the perfect couple.

Ten Years Hence:

Gloria Stevens: still after a certain boy.
James Broadbent: strumming a twangy guitar.
David Eke: trombonist in Harold Jones' Band.
Derek Duvall: stringing badminton rackets.
Robert Filman: posture instructor at Y.W.C.A.
Pat Andrews: hair stylist.
Marilyn Heywood: winner of Miss Canada award.
Leslie Jones: bus driver on the Cleveland bus.
Ann Marie McNeil: Paris guide for tourists.

Overheard Here and There:

Gary Owen: Mind your own business!
Jackie Gaudaur: Be quiet and sit down!
Steve Remen: What homework?
Chris Birt: Read your own timetable!
Tom Marling: Aw, that's too bad!
Stephanie Fitzgerald: Michael, for heaven's sake!
Kathy Cornell: May I go to my locker?
Norma Fraser: All right, keep it down.
Karen Kinley: Someone's got my purse.
Harold Thompson: I "done" something.
Sandra Easton: Oh, this darn lock!

We Find the Following Guilty of:

Bill Houston: developing his biceps by holding up his notebook.
John Hoover: holding up a hockey practice to learn to skate.
Dianne Gilmore: "De de", blowing flat notes on the oboe.

Sherryl Grivel: laughing like a

Don Morton: using a real jazzy (roll).

David McCallum: doing homework at 6 a.m.

Raymond Whitehead: opening all the lockers in the school.

Linda Plastow: looking as sweet as a doll.

Betty Heslop: being small but powerful.

Tony Repa: having a bad case of C.K.

Bev Ryder: having it bad for

Isabel Richardson: disliking class reps.

Did You Know:

Steve Berry (Etienne) is giving lessons in loud speaking?

Larry Holmes is in partnership with Steve?

Tom Harrower is 9B's famous trumpeter?

Odds and Ends:

Henry Vandermolen: Still waters run deep.

Albert Vanderveen: Some more still waters.

Sue Nield: 9B's Queen for 1960.

Glenn Witton: Future African bush pilot.

Ken Ranchick: Wrong room, Ken!

Favourite Expressions

Heather Amy: I seem to have left my homework at home.

Dave Bider: Has anybody got his homework done?

Jackie Bytheway: Don't you think I'm tall?

Carolyn Higson: Who, me blush?

Bill McCartney: Who stacked your locker, Charlie?

Rosemary Palloway: Aw, but I was only talking!

Bill Sinclair: Do you mean to tell me that. . . .

Judy Slater: I was just wondering.

Anna Vale: No, I don't do it that way.

Margaret Vanderlaan: I forgot to remember.

Debbie Wettlaufer: But, wait a minute, sir.

Christine Hallett: Let's keep the noise down.

Cathie Wilson: I'm just dying to meet him.

John Torrance: Work fascinates me. I can sit and look at it for hours.

Claude Denis: Parlez-vous anglais?

Jim Bidwell: Not another test!

Patty Langford: Guess waar I'm from, yo' all.

Aldis Grinbergs: All dis here homework and me so tired!

Mary Nemet: But I seem to be licking the wrong end of my pen.

Alex Lowe: How's about that!

Don Kenney: Sure 'nough is!

Dale Switzer: Is that so?

Pauline Stevens: Funniest thing, eh?

Ideas and Associations

Doug Cowan: Life of the class.

Judy Mephram: Silent and mysterious.

Doug Siewert: Life's ambition -- to be a millionaire.

Rob Carlton: Susie's one and only.

Richard Toyota: Class tightwad (treasurer).

Ted Roberts: Second in command (vice-president).
 Wallace Hart: What a difference a tan makes.
 Sharon Garlow: Silence is golden.
 Sharon Osborne: Official class back-scratcher.
 Diane Leihman: Small in stature, great in guile; Mischief lurks in every smile.
 Martin Boddington: Ambition -- to get out of school.
 Keith Rowe: Enjoys sports, sports, and sports.
 Bill Dowsma: Dislikes, no, loathes English.
 Barry Headon: Likes homely little imbeciles.
 Linda Miller: Favourite subject? Not history.
 Maureen McCaveny: Dislikes short hair.
 Meloris Hood: Ambition -- policewoman.
 Bruce Peer: Ambition -- Grade X.

Margaret Donaldson: Reads books; hates spiders.
 Millie Rinehart: Likes boys.
 Bill Lalonde: Likes girls.
 Margaret Summerville: Hates beans.
 Dawn Tribe: Those long eyelashes!
 Mark McAllister: a fair view for the gals.
 Tony Surridge: in opposition to school work.
 Lorna Bielby: has mastered the art of giggling.
 Ivan Vancas: the budding aeronautical engineer.
 Ken Potter: striving for a launching technique for Ivan's planes.
 Virginia Brooksbank: one of her interests -- boys
 Gary Brokenshire: 9E's future "Karsh".

A Grade Niner Basically Speaking

The art of catching bass is a rare and delightful sport. There are at least half a dozen practical methods such as snagging and snagging, draining the lake, using dynamite, employing trained fish, and last but not least, just plain fishing. The latter method is seldom used and if the angler wishes to catch bass, results cannot be guaranteed. As for myself I have secured the best results by bribing the fish. For this I purchase a "GLASS BOTTOM" boat. This is filled with enough water so that a fish can swim in the bottom. Now a female fish is obtained and allowed to swim in the bottom of the boat.

fish! They strike their heads on the glass and the impact breaks their necks. I then use a large net to scoop the fish from the surface of the water as they float to the top.

If the reader, in trying this method, does not experience the excellent results of the author, it is possible that he has NOT used a female of the species.

P.S. I shall refrain from signing my name as I do not want to be pestered by frustrated amateur anglers.

Immediately there is a frantic rush of male

Anonymous

REMINISCENCE

A crumpled program, a dirty glove,
 The great wide room is empty of
 All traces of that glorious night when
 At last the time arrived for me
 To be
 Far different from ever before.
 Curtain up! I heard the call.
 "Good Luck!" they cried to me and all
 The others in that same play:
 The spotlights glared, I heard him speak,
 Suddenly my knees were weak,
 -----It was my turn. . . .
 And now I stand, this stage is bare,
 Only my echoing footsteps alone. There
 Is only a memory of
 A crumpled program, a dirty glove.

Eve Aldis 10B



10A



10B



10C



10D



10E



C10

Shavings from the Grade X Lumber Room

Things We've Noticed:

Diane Barr: always late; always late.
Liz Dobson: the lost and found's best customer
Peter Fraiss: a real cool character
Dick Hamer: He has himself a good time.
Brian Hickey: A joke a day keeps Hic that way.
Dieter Pudwill: an obsession for memory work
Sandra Russon: She likes Yogi Bear.
Maureen Sanderson: has a passion for chevs
Wynn Taylor: terrific marks with terrible writing.
Gwenyth Williams: highest record for being absent.
Jacob Bruinwood: nobody laughing at his jokes
Bill Dorey: being caught talking with D.R.
Bob Moore: liking to take it easy
Barbara Newby: being as brainy as her twin brother
Paul Newby: promising to give his sister half his math marks
Florence Vanderveen: sitting quietly at the back and absorbing all she hears
Favourite Pastimes:
Sandra Easter: Guess what?
Janice Warwick: sneezing in the science class
Sue Wilson: doing what comes naturally
Kent Phillips: beating Mr. Coggins at chess.
Joan Angus: weekend trips to Westdale
Carol Hayden: worrying about her typewriter keys sticking
Dave Sellers: playing basketball

Favourite Expressions:

Don Duncan: If I had lived a century ago I would know my history better.
Mary Douglas: It's a tough life.
Lynda Bartlett: Me? But, sir!
Janice Emery: You little kiddies, m-m-m.
Jo-Anne Waldhouse: You're picking on me!
Doug Cussons: (at exam time) Easy come, easy go.
Lynda Smith: Fun-nee!
Sally Steele: Who?
Cherry Campbell: Anybody got a light?
Gail Gibbs: It's my sister's!
Lorian Godfrey: But I don't have any!
Dave Kemp: How are you, dearie?
Harriet Morningstar: Why do they call me Marjorie?
Christine Musselman: Ratzofratz!
Linda Oatley: These little jobbies . . .
George Barbu: Does "français" have a pica-dilly on the "c"?
Meg Gudgeon: Jumping Jellyfish.
Bob Waggott: Do you want a detention?

Pet Peeves:

Linda Pelletterio: people who can't spell Pelletterio.
Maurice Hines: that certain redhead who stabs me in the back with her pen-nib.

Bert Hamer: apple polishers
Mary Lib Newlands: the smell of N.W.'s hair tonic.
Vicki Smith: someone who runs a knife along his finger.
Lisa Taylor: being called "Lizard".
Sheryn Ingram: That frog!

Ten Years from Now:

Diana Darcovich: teaching at Nelson High.
Lily Lacour: still attending Mr. Fisher's classes on Responsible Government.

A Few More Pet Peeves:

Cindi Clawson: being called by her real name.
Wendy Arbuthnot: people who scrape their nails on the blackboard.
Lynda Lockie: pencil borrowers.
Ted Stevens: being called Theodore.
Doug Brown: people who say, "Stop being a brat, brat!"

A Few Overheard Facts and Fancies:

Dan Freeman: Life is just a bowl of cherries, but watch out for the pits.
Diane Dawes: saying "I'm so embarrassed."
John Hall: the Conway Twitty of 10A.
Jane Hagen: m-m-m-MEN! (RUFF)

Future Occupations:

Nelly Jeeninga: artist for Walt Disney cartoons
Ed Hovanec: President of the "Save the Steam Locomotive Association".
Eric Poole: a school teacher of boring lessons
Jeff Skinner: selling head scarves for men.
Brian Craig: Canada's leading cow caller.
Bob Thayer: official clock watcher.
Peter Vander Boom: distributor of empty pens.
Randy Richardson: a P.E. teacher in the Navy.
Frank Belchamber: still deciding to do his English homework.
Mark Buck: World's heavy-weight boxing champ.
Wayne Ford: the latest movie Tarzan.
Eleanor Taylor: bridge builder.
Dennis Sinclair: Sheriff in T.V. movies.

Their ultimate doom will be:

Ron Ball - wearing crazy ties.
Sue Carleton - Eyelash batting instructress.
Bob Clarke - Resigning as Class president.
Janet Coulson - A French model.
Bob Craig - Sweeping floors in Sue's billiard room.
Graham Double - Tottin' trombones.
Rich Draker - Teaching Arthur Murray to dance.
Linda Farley - Knowing everything.
Penni Fisher - Teaching math.
Jim Gardner - Midget wrestler.
Karl Gonnson - Forgetting Latin; playing basketball.

Mike Hail - Opera singer.
 Langley Muir - Manager for J.G.
 Rose Sadowey - Skipping classes at St. Andy's College.
 Jane Sauley - Looking for someone like T.M.
 Helene Schubert - Selling tickets for Globe Trotters.
 Joan Searle - Taking dictation on the boss's knee.
 Richard Simmons - Dean of Branksome Hall.
 Peggy Smith - Knockin' knowledge into noggins.
 Richard Stevens - Trying to learn Latin.
 Addison Tallman - Don Juan of 10D.
 Linda Tapley - Teaching the A, B, C's.
 Mac Yuile - Starting ski clubs in high schools.

Marion Hunter - "Can you read your shorthand?"
 Linda Hume - "I'll never tell. I'm no squealer."
 Karen Ireland - "Jeepers"
 Pat Jachymek - "If you don't be quiet I'll . . ."
 Karen Kerby - "I've got egg sandwiches."
 Valerie Ready - "Could you please explain . . . ?"
 Barbara Rose - "I'm Barb not Bette."
 Bette Rose: "I'm Bette not Barb."
 Myrna Shanks - Censored.
 Sandra Slump - "No, my hair's not bleached."
 Myrna Vaillancourt - "You know you are not to get me excited."

FAVOURITE SAYINGS:

Marg Balzer - "I goofed"
 Joel Beamish - "That's disgusting."
 Alla Bielikow - "Golly"
 Joyce Butwich - "No kidding"
 Gerry Connors - "I got the wooleys"
 Kathleen Dyck - "My hair is a mess"
 Marnie Groves - "I'm not short"
 Annie Hanemaayer - "I can't get my lock open"
 Angeline Hrichko - "I've got lots of time to study"

IN TWENTY YEARS:

Kathleen Baynton - Blank
 Susan Campbell - Mrs. Jack Bray
 Diane Charman - Sitting on the boss's knee.
 Andrea Flavelle - Shakesperian actress.
 Valerie Hannon - Wife of a geologist.
 Bev Kilby - Playing for the Harlem Globe Trotters.
 Maureen Metcalfe - Trying to grow taller.

Traffic Cop: "Now, Miss, what gear were you in when the accident occurred?"
 Carol-Ann: "I hod on a black coat, black shoes, and a black hat."

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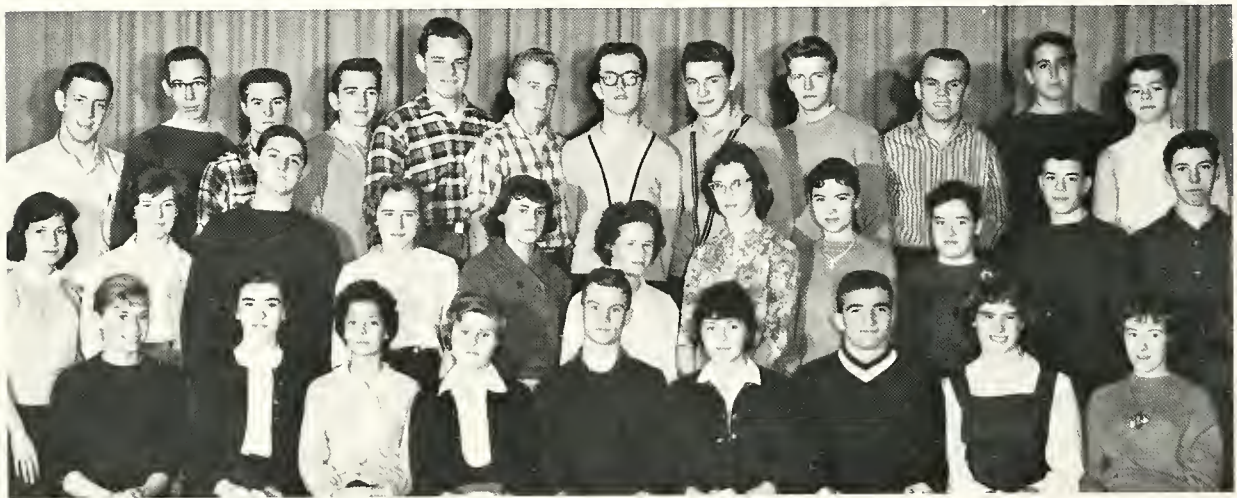
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11A



11B



11C



11D



C11

A bride of a few weeks plucked, cleaned, and placed a chicken in the oven but she forgot to light the oven.

Two hours later she heard a loud knocking on the

stove and hurriedly opened the oven door. The chicken poked its head out and yelled: "Ye gods, lady! Either give me back my feathers, or light the stove -- I'm freezing."

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NE. 4-5575

Drowsy Tinklings from Grade XI Folds

What Would Happen If:

John Caskie had no meter sticks or math classes to worry about?
 Donna Harris could play just one good joke on John?
 Jim Hunt ever gets his "neck" fixed?
 Gail Sancton lost the use of her voice?
 Dan Sullivan landed on Cloud 9?
 Ellie Byl had time to change after P.T.?
 Pat Jarvis were in a class full of boys?
 Nick Leblovic couldn't wave his hand in class?
 Jack Plumpton failed in every subject?
 Bob Tier remembered his French homework?
 Don Gibson were banished to a land with no girls?
 Judy Hughes were able to read Wayne's letters?

Things We've Noticed:

Brenda Fowler's question, "Where's Ian?"
 Stuart Holloway: a really nice guy.
 Joan Kershaw: quiet and sweet!
 Jim Kirkland: usually seen with Lang and Hess.
 John Nicholson: 11A's favourite blushing hero.
 Joe Schaafsma: a man who thinks for himself.
 Shirley Kenesky: lugging a junky purse.
 Margie Olds: dragging around with "mature C11".
 Judy Smith: laughing with Ellie and Margie.
 Marjorie Smith: blowing her own horn.
 Dennis Nelson: goin' to Kansas City.
 Judy MacIver: Five foot two, eyes of blue.
 Barry McKeown: dozing occasionally in class.
 Marg Coverdale: coming alive after four o'clock.
 Murray Eaton: doing his homework.
 Sue Gunn's interest in Pythagorus and Archimedes.
 Carol Loucks: doing as little work as possible.
 Carolyn Pattison: Writing news for 11B.
 Tom Richardson's interest in peroxide blondes.
 Future Occupation:
 Murray Aspden -- refrigerator salesman in the Arctic.
 Mike Bouck -- pushing cider at Emery's.
 Doug Bruce -- highway engineer in Siberia.
 Lois Crockett -- chief needle threader at Singer Sewing Machine Co.
 Myra Crockett -- a dancer in the Folies Bergeres.
 Corinne Gerhardt -- Calypso dancer
 Bob Huffman -- rum-runner when Prohibition returns.
 Paula Jelinek -- Home Economics teacher at Hillfield College.
 Richard Martin -- lifeguard at the Y.W.C.A.
 Herb Thomas -- Physical Education teacher at Havergal.
 Doug Utter -- bug hunter in central Africa.
 Judy Wells -- Principal of Appleby College.
 Ron White -- Custodian of a detention room.
 Gypsy Wright -- advertising for Pepsodent.

Mike Doyle -- a writer of comic books.
 Nancy Storms -- selling Volkswagens.
 Carol Morton -- Canada's delegate to California.
 Ken Smith -- Canada's leading orator.
 Alice Sherwood -- inventor of blush-proof powder.
 George Dyck -- teacher of English to the Royal Family.
 George Pudwill -- assistant to George Dyck.
 Bob Richmond -- Canada's Poet Laureate.
 Bob Wilson -- inventor of the international language with only ten basic words and no synonyms or antonyms

Pet Peeves:

Jessie De Boer -- conceited people
 Susan Hayward -- people kidding her about her name
 Meryl Flock -- dirty paint brushes and that paraphernalia!
 Duncan Whitehead -- sports cars and Jim Hunt
 Jeff Agnew -- too many ends on a football team
 Audrey Auckland -- skinny people
 Vici Gilliland -- natural blondes
 Mary Marshall -- when "Moe" doesn't phone
 Ross Pawson -- Latin and Doug Utter
 Tom Pryde -- the other Tom and a certain brunette
 Maureen West -- brainy people

Budding Ambitions:

Ann Balch -- private nurse for Nikita Krushchev
 Bill Dredge -- to whip "Whipper Billy Watson"
 Lynn Williams -- to break the sound barrier in her Citroen
 Michael Anderson -- the future Mr. Canada
 Sharyn Richardson -- private secretary to a boss with black hair

Comments Overheard in the Halls:

Mary Balch -- No, I'm not Ann! I'm Mary!
 Ron Cussons -- Who should be confined in a padded cell?
 Dave Ferguson -- They'll get the Stanley Cup yet!
 Sandi Grant -- Heard any good jokes lately?
 Helen Kemp -- Jessie and I -----?
 Marg Kvoriak -- Wow! Who's he?
 Robin MacGregor -- Just me and my HORN!
 Linda Batchelder -- Does she or doesn't she? Only her hairdresser . . .
 John Martin -- Live it up!
 Ricky Martin -- Such men are dangerous!
 Vicki Pickering -- Oh, I'm sorry!
 Gord Price -- I'll bite!
 Bill Stafford -- Please, sir, may I sell you an ad for our yearbook.
 Gwen Weir -- All right! Already!
 Murray Kilby -- Yep! We lost!
 Linda Gunby -- Kinda, sorta, almost, maybe -- so there!

Judy Stackhouse -- From the Halls of Montezuma!

Nanci Freestone -- How tall is he?

Fred Dolbel -- Was it the Duke or the Duchess hanging on the wall?

Mike Doyle -- Don't bother me. I'm reading those six Shakespeare plays.

Richard Dudley -- Why is Mr. Jones getting so excited about people buried in a churchyard?

Starr Allan -- I knew he'd ask me that question!

Mary Hendershot -- It was nice to meet you.

Mary Margaret Gillies -- We need a lounge attached to the cafeteria.

Mary Johnston -- I'm sorry, sir, I was away when you set those questions.

Judy Breckon -- Who cares if the participle dangles or not!

Carol-Ann Elton -- But, Mr. Jones, that was a mean trick of Antony's.

Andy Nemet -- Does she always blush like that?

Ann Johnson -- What rhymes with slope? Oh, of course, you dope!

Ian Hatton -- Do we have Comp or Lit this period?

Ruth Selby -- Let's see! Why do we do it this way in that question?

Associated Ideas:

Paul Francis -- a real jivin pianist!

Judi Green -- Goldilocks the Second.

Bob Henderson -- Another Tommy Dorsey!

Dennis Johnson -- Socrates the Umpteenth!

Jo-Anne McArthur -- a real companiable inmate!

John Montgomery -- Well, we just wonder!

Sharon Mount -- the blonde half!

Nina Musselman -- another Ingrid Bergman!

Peter Vanderveen -- Tubas and math classes.

Barbara Wheten -- the world giggling with free donations of giggle juice.

David Batzold -- trapped in a satellite with Sue Gunn.

Jon de Forest -- Newton wondering if that was right.

Twenty Years Hence

Mary Jean Hunt -- teaching penguins to ski.

Murray Kilby -- still trying to outwit a certain math teacher.

Ingrid Rhurmann -- finally got her car.

Nancy Cussons -- starting fan clubs for certain basketball players.

Gerry Elliott -- twenty years older.

Simone Virgo -- a different surname.

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TO BE OR NOT TO BE IN GRADE XII

What Would Happen If:

Bob Easter really had seen a Camel?
Elia Parssinen were not called Laila?
Laila Parssinen were not called Elia?
Ross Johnson knew what a trampoline really was?
Lynda Sackrider could say, "Now you understand me, sir."
Sharon Ellerbeck ever said, "I understand, sir."
Carol Banks caught up on her history notes?
Lynda Smith gave up basketball?
Jackie Morris could invent some means of enrolling at West Point?
Pete Harris only knew where Boo Boo was?
Charles Alton drove his dad's car into the ditch?
Tom Burns gave up flirting instead of homework?
Donna Richardson did find a good combo?
Kay Munz lost her interest in "Beautiful Ohio"?
Brian Hounsel met "une petite mademoiselle"?

Pet Sayings:

John Adams -- Hi, doll!
Leigh Cockburn -- "Women should be seen, not heard."
Nancy Hayward -- "Aw shukins."
John Newby -- "How simple!"
Mel Ruttan -- "What, me worry?"
Richard Squire -- "I dunno."
Bob Wiltshire -- "Have bongos, will accompany."
Brad Clements -- "Apple cider, anyone?"
Carol Seymour -- "Where's Yogi Bear?"
Carol Corlett -- "Hi, Fellers!"
Karel Sury -- "Eat, drink, and be merry, for an exam tomorrow we have."

Twenty Years From Now

Penny Duncan -- Total flop (permanent baby-sitter for six kids)
Gay Lakin -- Still wearing the same bikini.
Karen Lindley -- Nursing sick redheads back to health
Helen McDougal -- Teaching school on the DEW line
Pat Rouse -- Married to a millionaire
Elizabeth Alkema -- Retired
Virginia Pollard -- It depends
Bob Rusk -- Rub-down assistant in the Y.W.C.A.
Brian Morris -- Reading the last of the Hardy novels
Michael Osborne -- Professional advisor for business managers of high school year-books
Fred Featherstone -- Publishing his second volume of lyric poems
Bill Herd -- Crown Attorney for Inner Borneo
Bev Raymes -- Translator in a Chinese restaurant

Joe Drake -- Zen Buddhist Priest
Janet Gordon -- Raising little Easter eggs in the Belgian Congo
Evelyn Agnew -- Still hating cats
Brad Clements -- Inventing a convertible not requiring gas
Lance Dunham -- Winning the award of the year as Canada's leading conformist
Audrey Eaton -- Toronto's first woman motorcycle cop
Jo Everett -- The runner-up for the award of Canada's leading conformist
Sue Foster -- Mixing milkshakes in a dairy bar.
Doug Hines -- Head of the Metropolitan Police Force
Ron Holmes -- Professional escort for shy girls
Carolyn Morris -- Basketball coach
Jane Weir -- Teaching etiquette to conceited males

FAVOURITE PASTIMES:

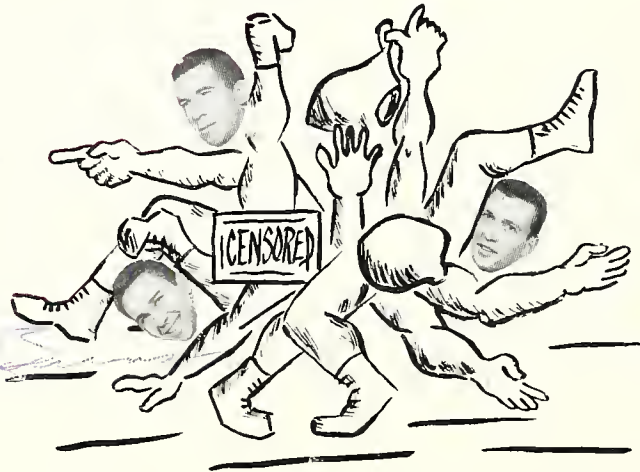
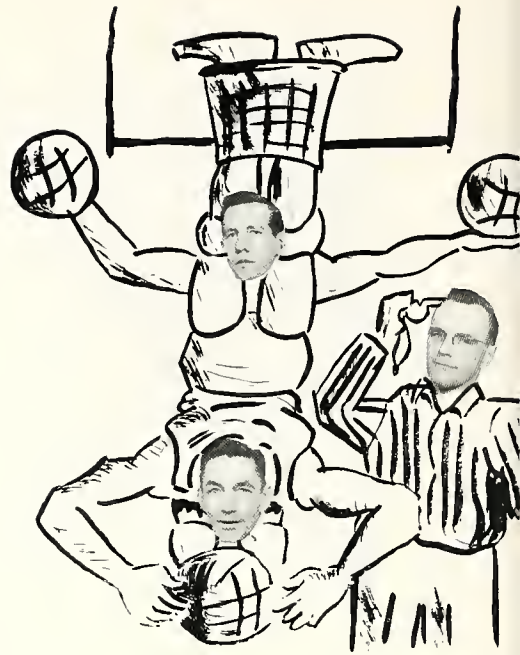
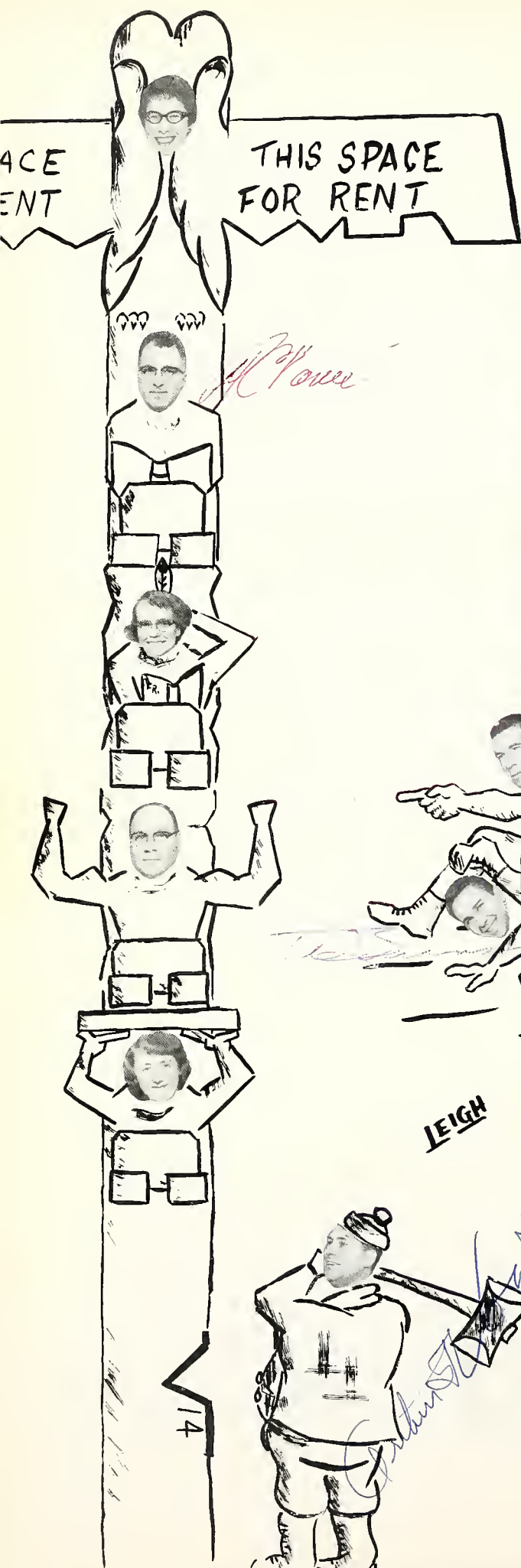
Jerry Kilby - Going to the Academy of Fine Arts
Gilbert Johnson - Standing under the Fifth Amendment
Lynda Cargo - Trying not to talk to the boys in English
Frances Smith -- Following Herby
Beckie Wettlauffer -- Spending Sunday afternoons reading History
Wayne Cunningham -- GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS!!
John Sekar - Cleaning car windows.
Caryl D'ingledine - Dashing for the Coffee Pot after school.

THINGS WE'VE NOTICED:

Norm Stutt - His intense interest in poetry
Bill Simmons -- Trying to outsmart the teachers
Dawn Rimmer - Baffling us with her quietness
Nancy George - Taking walks at noon!!!

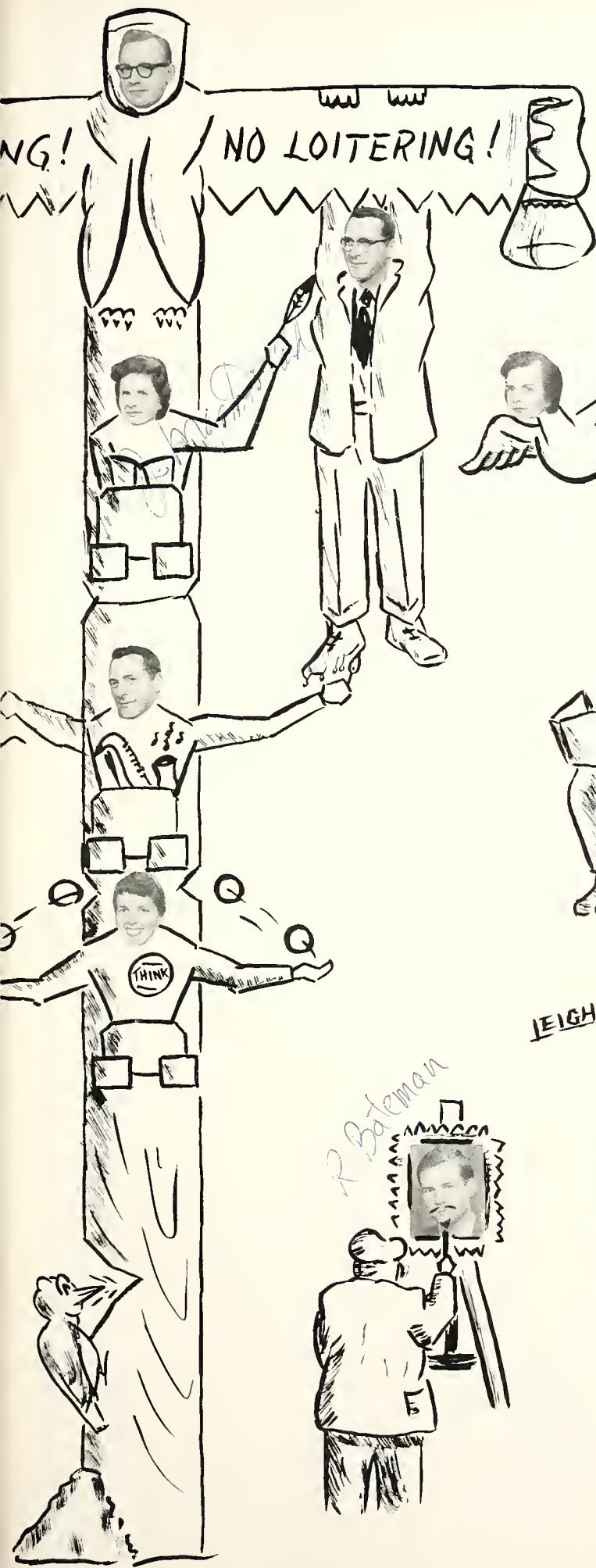
THE PERFECT CAST FOR "HAMLET"

HAMLET: Bill Simmons
CLAUDIUS: Ron Holmes
POLONIUS: Fred Featherstone
HORATIO: Karel Sury
LAERTES: Frank Smith
ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN: Wayne Cunningham and Bill Herd
GRAVEDIGGER: Joe Drake
FORTINBRAS: Pete Harris
THE QUEEN: Karen Lindley
OPHELIA: Sharon Ellerbeck
GHOST: Bob Rusk



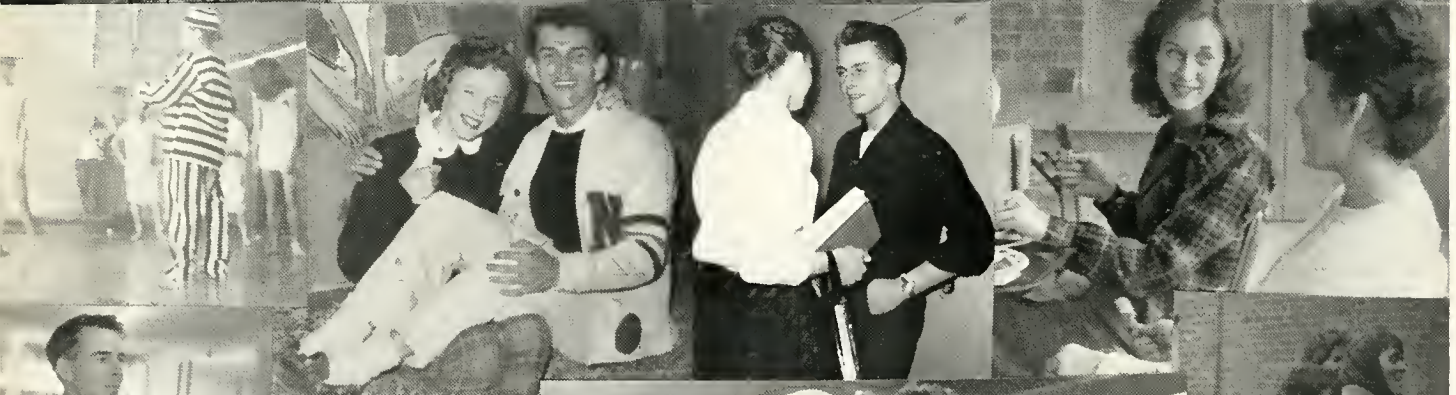
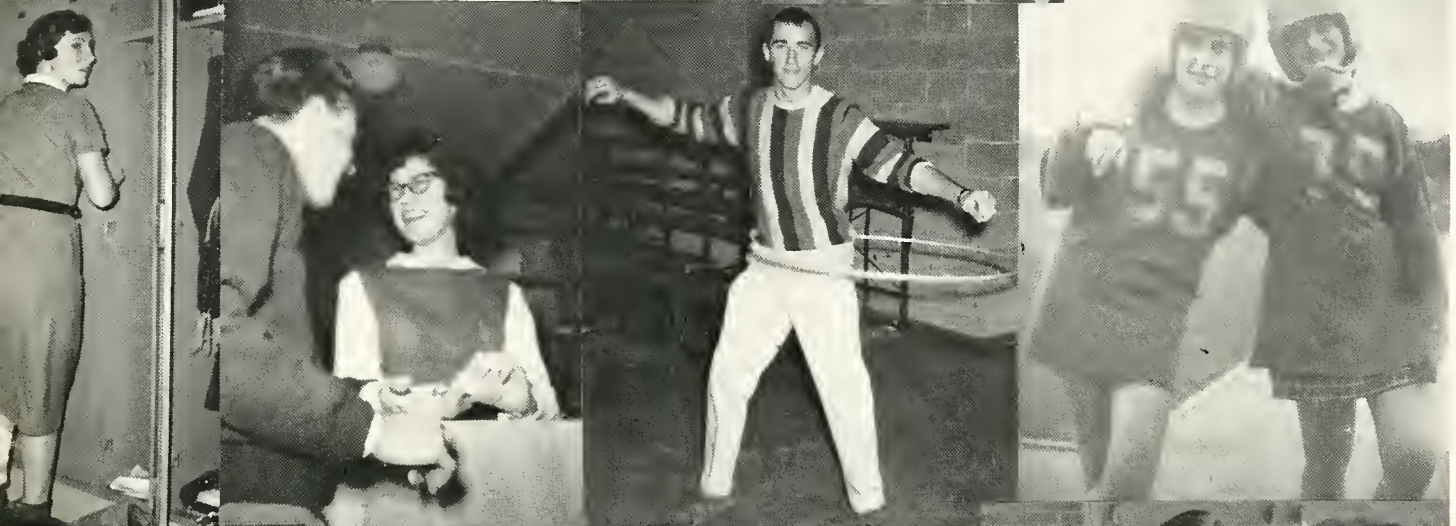
LEIGH





LEIGH





AUTOGRAPHS

Lisa Taylor
(Good luck on all the years to come, he young)

H H Roberts

~~Meg Swigian~~ Meg Swigian
Lynda Locke Brita Furan-
Shirley Arbuthnot

M. Bateman

Bob Waggott
(Knob)

Best to turn
but that you see it
William Adams

Sharon Ingram
George Barlin

Jeff Skinner
(HARD)

Keely

Ted Stevens
C107

Norm
Wills

Eric Poole

Ricky Barrow
Jim Iwanko

Dick Smith 10-B

S. White
Shirley M. Smith

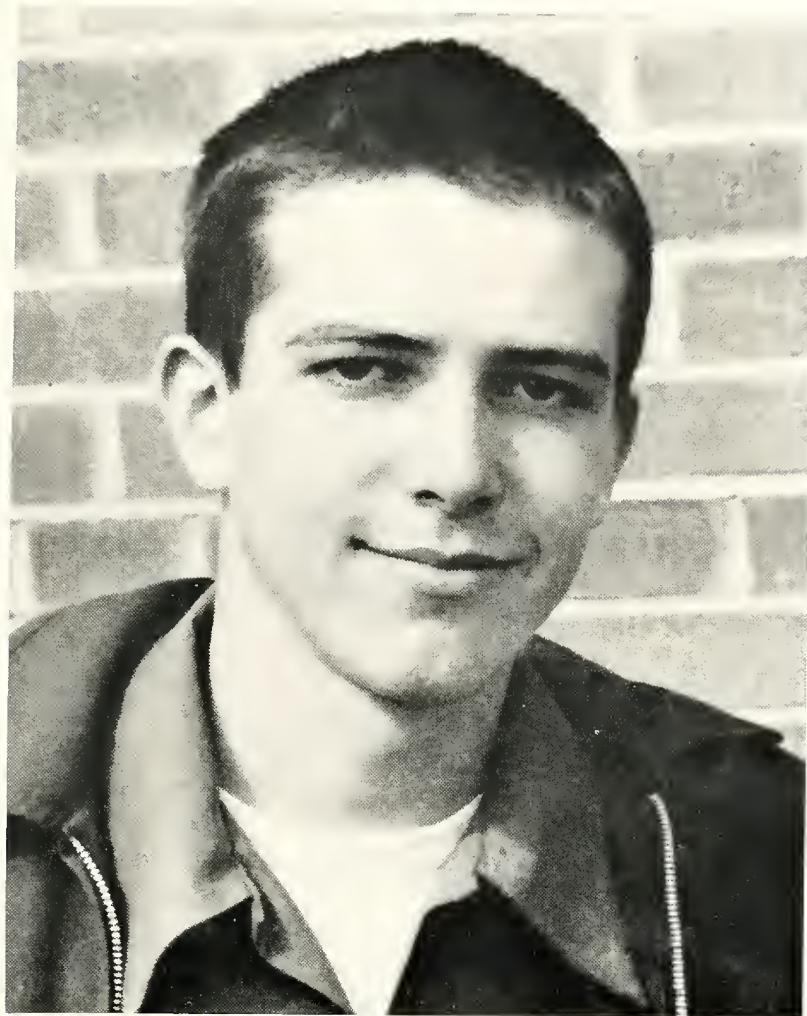
Hi Doug.
See ya
next year
(unfortunately)

Gindi
Clawson

All the Best Doug
Bernard / 60.

MacDonald

The best to you
fine also / 60



In Memoriam

Lee Lakin

During the 1958 Christmas Season, the teachers and students at Nelson High School were deeply saddened to hear of the fatal accident suffered by Lee Lakin, President of Class 11A. His many friends will always remember him for his cheerful disposition, his fine qualities of leadership and his loyalty to Nelson High. A capable student, a charter member of the Science Club, a strong supporter of the Dramatic Society, he gave willingly and generously of his time and talent to many school activities.

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Carol Ann: "That's what I call love."
Pete: "The doctor calls it paralysis."

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"Let me know at once whether you can use it," he wrote, "as I have other irons in the fire."

In a few days the answer came from the editor: "Remove irons, insert poem."



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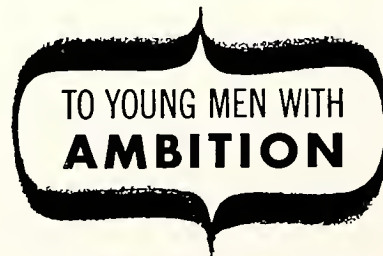
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Virginia: "I don't know."

Bob: "Good. Then we'll take the bus."

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Ian: "Pardon me, Mr. Baxter, I was lost in thought."

Mr. Baxter: "That's all right, Ian. It's so easy to get lost where one is a stranger."

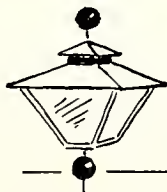
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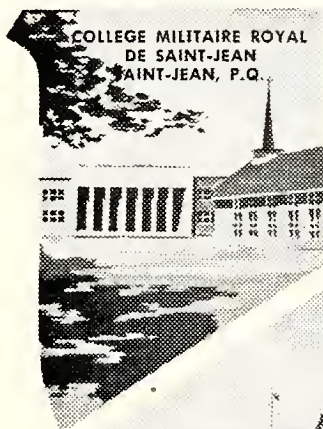
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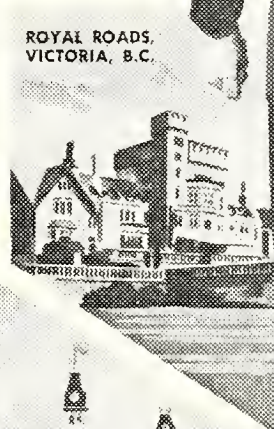
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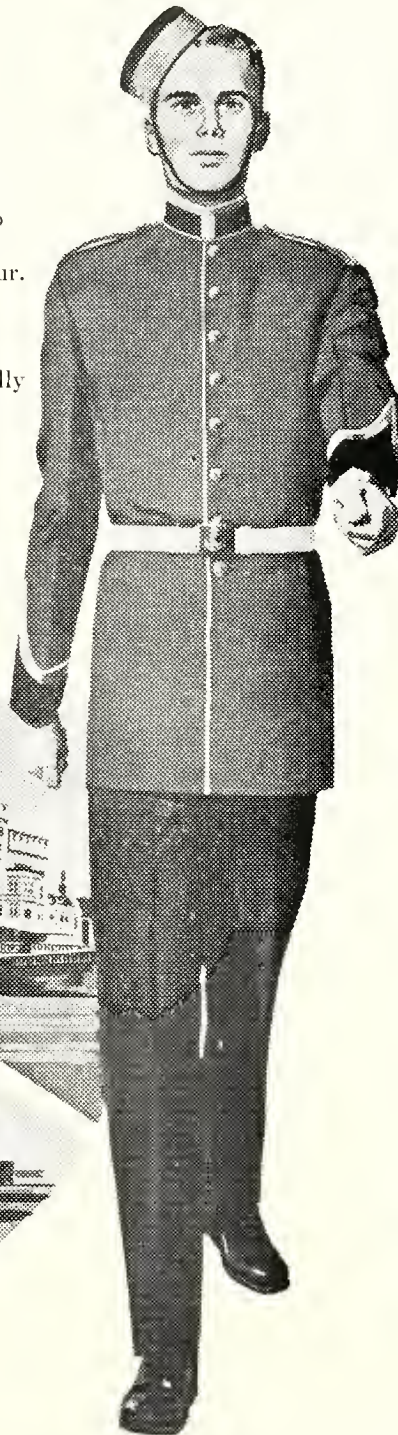
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Director ROTP
NDHQ, OTTAWA, Canada

TS-60-3HSA

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